DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER

MAYSVILLE REPUBLICAN.

FIFTH YEAR. MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1896. ONE CENT.

HERE AND THERE

☞ If you have friends visiting you, or if you are going away on a visit, please drop us a note to that effect.

Mrs. M. W. Redman of Plumville was in this city yesterday.

Mr. Sherman Otto of Covington visited his mother in this city yesterday.

Fresh Bulk and Can Oysters received daily at Martin Bros.

Fresh ground Corn Meal and Graham Flour at Old Gold Mills.

Blue Stone will keep your wheat from smutting. For sale at Chenoweth's.

Colonel Thad F. Moore of Dover jumped out of a wagon in West Virginia and sprained his foot.

Mr. Shultz Wood, for many years Bookkeeper of the Maysville Cotton Mills, relinquished that position October 1st.

For Pure Drugs call on Henry W. Ray, successor to Theo. C. Power, next door to Postoffice. Prescriptions a specialty.

The handsome badges for the Samuel J. Pugh McKinley Brigade have arrived and members will meet tonight to receive them.

Hon. A. M. J. Cochran of this city, who is a member, attended a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Center College, held at Lexington Thursday.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets: All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The Colored Republican Club of Dover numbers 56 members. Professor Spurgeon of this city delivered a splendid address before the Club Saturday night.

Judge Lewis Apperson and Judge B. F. Day had an altercation in the Circuit Court at Mt. Sterling, for which offense Judge John E. Cooper sent them to Jail for three hours.

A lot of enthusiastic Republicans were out last night with fife and drum and flambeau, despite the fact that the Boy Orator had only recently made his second invasion of our city.

William Daulton, aged 33 years, son of Mr. George Daulton, died at his home on East Third street yesterday at 1 o'clock, after an illness of about four months. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial at Maysville Cemetery.

The Y. M. C. A. Men's Rally will be of especial interest tomorrow, Secretary Canfield leading, and the entire service will be devoted to a "Song Service." The talented choir of the Central Presbyterian Church will be there, and a rare afternoon's entertainment is promised all men and boys.

Eli Frame, who resides near Plumville, recently made a visit to friends near Muse's Mills, and while there discovered a regular out and out McKinley Goldbug He was told of the existence of this remarkable bug, and walked two miles to see it. It is about the size of a beetle, and is of the spider species—that is, it weaves a web, and every web that has yet been woven has contained in the center the initials "W. M.," plain enough to be seen several feet away. The bug is of a rich, yellow color, and Mr. Frame informs us that the woods up there are full of them. Well, the woods are not only full of Goldbugs, but McKinley voters as well.

Last night Mr. and Mrs. Basil Duke entertained in honor of three very charming girls—their niece, Miss Sophie Duke, a cousin, Miss Cowhen of Cincinnati, and Miss Alice Gill of West Third street. Dancing was the pleasure most indulged in, and the entire evening was one of genuine pleasure. The toilets of the young ladies were strikingly beautiful examples of the style and fabric which are to prevail this winter. Several buds who have not wholly unfolded were present. To judge from their surroundings we shall be justified in expecting everything charming when they shall have made their formal debut to society. At the midnight hour delicious ices and cake with coffee were served.

It is true enjoyment to be under the care of such hostesses, and the Duke home is one amid which the joys and pleasures of life love to dwell, for the bright, vivacious and always hospitable ruling spirit—Mrs. Duke—never fails in making her guests thoroughly at home. It was certainly most delightful.

MAYSVILLE WEATHER.

What We May Expect For the Next Twenty-four Hours.

THE LEDGER'S WEATHER SIGNALS.

White streamer—FAIR;
Blue—RAIN OR SNOW;
With *Black* ABOVE—'twill WARMER grow.
If *Black's* BENEATH—COLDER 'twill be;
Unless *Black's* shown—no change we'll see

☞ The above forecasts are made for a period of thirty-six hours, ending at 8 o'clock to-morrow evening.

Fall and Winter Millinery Opening at Mrs. M. Archdeacon's October 1st, 2d and 3d

While the steamer Courier was at the Ripley wharf a colored deckhand named Lewis fell overboard and was drowned. He was loading tobacco at the time. The body was recovered within half an hour.

Bargains in Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks; also in Rogers & Bro.'s 1847 Knives, Forks and Spoons. Never before have these goods been sold as cheap as P. J. Murphy the Jeweler is offering them.

"JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME!"

Second Visit to Maysville of the Boy Orator in B. Flatte.

AND IT WAS A DANDY FIZ.

How He Did Riddle The Courier-Journal and All His Critics.

SCATTERING FLOWERS.

BRING ON ANOTHER.

THE LEDGER repeats—

"Just tell them that you saw me!"

Bryan's much-heralded visit to Maysville on September 15th was almost universally acknowledged to be a flat disappointment.

Its projectors had put up a goodly number of $100 bills to carry out the program; and when he came and spoke and scooted all within one brief half hour, there were a good many self-imposed kicks because "the boys" hadn't been given a run for their money.

The second advent of the Boy Orator in B Flatte was announced for yesterday afternoon.

It was somewhat after the advertised hour when the Bryan Special bore down upon the anxious 1,500 that had gathered at the foot of Market street.

Meantime, to entertain the crowd of ladies, Republicans, Sound Money men, Silvercrats, small boys white and small boys black, Mr. G. W. Sulser, assistant proprietor of a silver mine in Arizona, introduced a young lawyer from Cincinnati whose best name was D. S. Oliver.

Mr. Oliver had just fairly begun to split a crack through the atmosphere by denouncing Grover Cleveland for issuing bonds to preserve the National credit,—declaring that there was one point to which he wished to direct especial attention—but just here F. F. V. No. 3 came bulging down the "miranda" and the speaker didn't get to steer his sixteen hearers up against that point.

After the train rolled by another gentleman from the Plaster Paris of America mounted the viaduct and began threshing the innocent and defenseless air.

His principal occupation and name when at home is Candidate-for-County-Assessor; but his knowledge of the needs of the farmer and the laborer was something truly wonderful. He failed to state, however, just how many acres of corn he plowed last year, or how many rods of rock he had broken on the county roads.

Ki-yi!

Whoopee!!

Here she comes!!!

And here he comes!!!!

It was the Special—and Bryan.

It stops!

"There he sets at the window," yelled a hundred voices; and the man at the car window smole a smile.

Bryan and his bouquet were on the rear platform of the rear car.

It was easy to distinguish the bouquet by Bryan and Bryan by the bouquet.

And there were others—both bouquets and men—on the platform with Bryan.

As soon as the train got a good stop Mr. C. Burgess Taylor of this city, who as County Chairman had gone up the road to meet the Boy and the other boys, presented Mr. Bryan to the crowd.

The distinguished gentleman made complete answer to the cruel questions so persistently fired at him by The Courier Journal in the following able and exhaustive speech:

Ladies and Gentlemen: Before I say anything more than to thank you for the honor of this demonstration, I have some flowers that I wish to dispose of——

[Here Mr. Bryan devoted perhaps fifteen seconds to tearing apart a big bouquet and throwing the flowers to the crowd, Mr. Taylor separating another big bunch of flowers and handing them to the Boy to be likewise scattered and scrambled for. Then with a 50-cent 16×1 smile Mr. Bryan resumed the thread of discussion, utterly annihilating The Courier-Journal by this "shaft of elo quence" and convincing proof—]

I must preserve my voice for the speeches that I have to make tonight, so I will introduce a substitute who will do the talking for me.

And without further ceremony Hon. Benton McMillan of Tennessee, with his hat on his head and both hands on the guard-rail, said he had just returned with Mr. Bryan from a trip on which they had seen one-third of a million people——

Here the train moved off, after a stop of less than one minute and a half, all told!

Even the most ardent admirer of Mr. Bryan who was present will not deny this statement.

And the cost of this show was certainly not less than $37 50.

Now come on with your gold bricks!

BUDS FROM BRYAN'S BOUQUET.

Well, didn't the Silvercrats struggle for even the smallest leaf or bud of the Bryan bouquet.

If Mr. Bryan could only be induced to come this way again Mason county would give McKinley 500 majority.

A staunch Silverite lady was generous enough to present THE LEDGER with a really beautiful bud from Mr. Bryan's traveling conservatory. It is being tenderly preserved and will be the talisman that will cause the White House doors to swing inward when we call on the Boy now on the train in behalf of the boys now in the trenches.

Robert C. Brookover, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brookover, and formerly a resident of Aberdeen, died at Kansas City a few days ago, aged 28.

On Wednesday morning next at 8:30 o'clock, there will be a special train over the L. and N. for the big meeting at Carlisle. Round trip $1. For tickets apply to Charles D. Pearce, H. C. Sharp or J. Barbour Russell.

If Troubled With Rheumatism Read This.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., April 16th, 1894.—I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and found it to be all that is claimed for it. I believe it to be the best preparation for rheumatism and deep seated muscular pains on the market and cheerfully recommend it to the public.
John G. Brooks, dealer in boots, shoes, etc., No. 18 Main St.

ALSO READ THIS.

MECHANICSVILLE, St. Mary County, Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. It made him a well man. A. J. McGILL. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by J. James Wood, Druggist.

REGISTER TUESDAY.

IF YOU WANT TO VOTE, GET YOUR NAME ON THE LIST.

Tuesday, October 6th, will be registration day in Maysville.

The polls will be open from 6 a. m. until 9. p. m., and all persons desiring to vote at the November election, or at any elections during the ensuing year, will have an opportunity to register.

The following concerning "who shall register" will be of general interest and information to the public:

Every native-born citizen of the United States, who has resided in the state of Kentucky one year, in the county of Mason six months and in the precinct in which he expects to vote sixty days prior to the election, may register, but if by election day, he will have lived there sixty days, he may register and vote.

Naturalized citizens of the United States who produce to the officers of registration, if demanded, their naturalization papers, and who have the necessary qualifications as to residence, may register.

Section 1,478 determines the residence of a voter as follows: "That shall be deemed his residence where his habitation is, and to which, when absent, he has the intention of returning.

"He shall not lose his residence by absence for temporary purposes merely; nor shall he obtain a residence by being in a county or precinct for such temporary purposes, without the intention of making the county or precinct his home.

"By removing to another state or county, with the intention to make his permanent residence there, he loses his former residence.

"So, also, he loses his residence here by removal to another state with intention to reside there an indefinite time, or by voting there, even though he may have had the intention to return here at some future period.

"The place where the family of a married man resides shall generally be considered his residence unless the family so resides for a temporary purpose. If his family is permanently in one place and he transacts his business in another, the former shall be his residence."

FLOTSAM—JETSAM—LIGAN!

NEWSY NOTES FROM NATURE'S GREAT HIGHWAY.

The Sherley will pass up tonight for Pomeroy.

The Virginia will leave Cincinnati Tuesday for Pittsburgh.

The Henry M. Stanley passed up this morning for Charleston.

The heavy fog this morning will detain the towboats and packets.

The Valiant is the flagship of the Pittsburgh coal fleet, which will begin passing this city some time tomorrow. It is a small run—about 3,000,000 bushels.

The towboat Tom Rees No. 2 was inspected at Cincinnati yesterday and her hull found to be in bad condition. Her regular inspection papers were refused, but a permit was granted her owners and she proceeded to Pittsburgh, where necessary repairs will be made.

Yesterday at about noon the Ohio began falling at headwaters after reaching a good stage. The following is the register up to 6 p. m. yesterday:

Oil City—5, falling.
Pittsburgh—11.3, falling.
Davis Island Dam—11.7, falling.
Parkersburg—11.2, rising.
Hinton—4.2, falling.
Charleston—10.9, rising.
Point Pleasant—14.1, rising.
Catlettsburg—13.5, rising.
Portsmouth—13.8, rising.
Maysville—15.9, rising.

The Darlington, Wis., Journal says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later. For sale by J. James Wood, Druggist.

Our Watch Hospital

is always open. A watch must keep time as a train must keep the track. If your watch don't keep time bring it here and we will make it right to smallest part of a second. When a watch leaves our hospital to renew its duel with Time its seconds must be reliable, and we make them so in every case. When a watch runs even with time it's ahead. Ours are;—so are our Clocks and entire stock of Jewelry, Silverware, &c.,—ahead of competition.

BALLENGER, Jeweler.

MAYSVILLE'S CHURCHES

WHERE RELIGIOUS EXERCISES WILL BE HELD SUNDAY.

☞ *Pastors and Church Clerks are courteously invited to send in notice of any change in the services at their Churches, and to mention any special subject upon which the Pastor will preach.*

☞ *To insure attention all matter for this column should be sent in not later than 3 o'clock Friday afternoon.*

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Rev. W. O. Cochrane, Pastor.
Residence........ ....No. 4 East Fourth street.
Sunday-school 9:00 a. m.
Y. P. S. C. E. 6:00 p. m.
Weekly Prayer-meeting Wednesday at 7:00 p. m.
Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Rev. J. S. Hays, D.D., Pastor.
Residence ....Hayswood Seminary.
Sunday-school 9:30 a. m.
Mission Sabbath-school in the German Church at 2:30 p. m.
Westminster S. C. E. 6:15 p. m.
Weekly Prayer-meeting Thursday at 7:00 p. m.
Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.
The communion of the Lord's Supper will be administered tomorrow morning at the usual hour for public worship.

CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.
Rev. D. D. Chapin, Rector.
Residence...........No. 22 West Fourth street.
Sunday-school 9:30 a. m.
Prayer-meeting Friday at 7 p. m.
Litany, Sermon and Holy Communion at 10:30 a. m.
Evening prayer at 7.

M. E. CHURCH.
Rev. F. W. Harrop, Pastor.
Residence. ....No. 208 West Second street.
Sunday-school 9:15 a. m.
Class Meeting 2 p. m.
Epworth League 6:15 p. m.
Prayer-meeting Thursday at 7:00 p. m.
Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.
The services at the M. E. Church tomorrow will be as usual, with the exception of night service, when Rev. J. D. Dutcher and congregation will worship with us, Mr. Dutcher preaching.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.
Rev. J. S. Sims, Pastor.
Residence..........No. 216 West Second street.
Sunday-school 9:15 a. m.
Epworth League 6:00 p. m.
Prayer-meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m.
Preaching at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. I. P. Trotter, Pastor.
Residence ....No. 125 West Second street.
Sunday-school 9:15 a. m.
Young People's Meeting 6:00 p. m.
Prayer-meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m.
Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Rev. S. D. Dutcher, Pastor.
Residence ....——
Junior Endeavor at 8:45 a. m.
Sunday-school 9:15 a. m.
Y. P. S. C. E. 6 p. m.
Prayer-meeting Thursday 7 p. m.
Preaching in the Chapel at the usual hours, 10:30 a m. and 7 p. m., by the Pastor.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.
Rev. Father A. T. Ennis, Pastor.
Residence...........No. 304 Limestone street.
Early Mass 7 a. m.
Children's Mass 8:30 a. m.
High Mass 10 a. m.
Sunday-school 2 p. m.
Vespers and Benediction 3 p. m.

SEDDEN M. E. CHURCH.
Rev. N. G. Grizzle, Pastor.
Residence................No. 305 Carmel street.
Sunday-school 9:30 a. m.
Class Meeting every first and third Sunday.
Epworth League every Friday and every other Sunday at 6 p. m.
Preaching every second and fourth Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

MITCHELL'S CHAPEL.
Rev. H. M. Darlington, Pastor.
Residence.......................Sixth Ward.
Sunday-school 2:30 p. m.
Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.
Prayer-meeting Thursday at 7:00 p. m.
Class Meeting Tuesday at 7 p. m.
Preaching first and third Sundays in each month. The Church is open every Sunday evening, however, for worship.

John T. Ellis of Indiana says that state is safe for McKinley by from 20,000 to 30,000.

Senator Brice is expected to declare his attitude toward Bryan and the Chicago platform shortly.

The property of the late Hon. Allen G. Thurman is to be sold to pay debts amounting to $50,000.

At Flemingsburg a marriage license was issued to Mr. James H. Sexton, aged 75, and Miss Susanna Frederick, aged 21.

Miss Lida Hunter teaches the school at Old Maidsville, O. Evidently, Miss Lida and her sisters have been very unsuccessful hunters.

Will the Agricultural Editor of The Flemingsburg Times-Democrat please tell us what a "cushaw" is? Is it anything like a Free silver bug?

Mrs. Mary Anderson, relict of the late Peter S. Anderson of Dover, died Sunday last after a lingering illness of kidney and heart trouble. She was born near Elizaville, Fleming county, September 30th, 1813, and was united in marriage to Peter S. Anderson January 4th, 1831. She was the mother of eight children, six of whom survive.

White Kid

Strap : : Sandals.

J. HENRY PECOR.

"THEY'RE THE STUFF!"

BRYAN'S SPEECHES CONVERTED ONE MAN—AGAINST HIM.

Just to show the good work that William Jennings Bryan the Boy Orator in B Flatte is doing for William McKinley and the Sound Money cause, the following letter, received by Mr. Sweeney, Bookkeeper for C. Crane & Co., the lumber dealers of Cincinnati, from L. M. Adkins of Louisa is interesting.

Mr. Adkins, who is one of the largest timber owners in Eastern Kentucky, has been a life-long Democrat and advocate of Free-silver—in fact, he was so enthusiastic over the white metal that when Mr. Bryan was recently touring Kentucky, he, in company with a great many other citizens of Louisa, traveled to Maysville, a distance of 150 miles, and again to Catlettsburg, a distance of 40 miles, to hear the Boy Orator orate, and here is the effect it had:

LOUISA, KY., Sept. 27th, 1896.

Mr. Sweeney—Dear Sir: I wish you would go down town and get 200 McKinley buttons and forward to me at once, as I wish to use them Friday evening of this week. Tell Mr. Crane we organized a Sound Money Club last Saturday night of Republicans and Democrats who heard Bryan's speech. We started off with 200 members. We are the stuff.
Yours truly, L. M. ADKINS.

$100—Reward—$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

Daily Public Ledger.

THOMAS A. DAVIS, Publisher.

MAYSVILLE, : : KENTUCKY.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

Oh, the rain! oh, the rain!
With a sudden burst and shout
Sprang they out,
All the children of the black cloud and the rain;
'Gainst the pane
Beat their hands, laughing; and "I saw their hair
Stream across the window-pane;"
And I saw them in the air
Fling their arms and fling their feet,
Dance and prance, and part and meet,
Dancing with the daisies neat,
Flirting with the daisies sweet.

And I saw them laugh and mock
The toad-stool's wide umbrella,
And they pelted thick with pearls the mournful weeping willow,
Tore the lily's silken frock,
Tangled every golden lock
Of the golden grasses;
And they held up looking-glasses
To the shy-eyed face of every violet in the meadow,
Every little nun that prayed within her Veil of Shadow.

All the schools of Mist and Swamp
Turned out for a romp.
How they came,
School and dame!
Shouting, laughing, twinkling, clapping,
All the children of the rain,
Mad, mad children of the rain.
Down they danced into the river,
With her laughter all aquiver;
Up, bulrushes sprang to meet them;
And to greet them,
Water lilies' fringed eyes
Opened wide; in sweet surprise,
Buttercups stood up to see;
A hundred rosebuds charily
Pushed their blinds. Too late!
All the children of the rain
In a blinking, in a twinkling,
As I stood beside the pane,
On that day
Flashed away
Behind a sunbeam's golden gate;
And the tangled grasses turned to comb their tangles straight.

—Ann S. Ethridge, in Woman's Journal.

A FUNNY WORLD.

Vernon and I were sitting in the club. It was late. The last 'bus had rolled home and Piccadilly was almost deserted save for an occasional cab that drove by with a flash of lamps and tinkling of bells.

Vernon lit another cigar and puffed away in silence.

"What you were saying just now about a short life and a jolly one," he said, at last, "set me thinking about poor old Jim Barham. He was awfully like you in many ways. You remember him, don't you?"

I shook my head.

"Ah, he was before your time," said Vernon, settling himself more comfortably in his chair. "He was one of the best chaps that ever lived. I only wish to heaven he were here now. I tell you what, old boy, we'll have another drink and I'll tell you his story: it's a queer one. Waiter!"

When the waiter had put down the drinks and left the room Vernon began:

"Well, to begin with," he said, "I must tell you that Jim Barham, when I first met him (which, by the way, was up at Oxford), was looked upon as the luckiest young fellow going. He was good looking, strong as a horse, and his father was one of the richest men in England. The old man had made a devil of a lot of money in trade—I forget what sort—and Jim was his only son. He and I were great pals at the 'varsity, though, of course, I—being on a comparatively small allowance—couldn't keep quite up with his way of living. Well, to cut part of a long story short, one day the old man went broke. No one knows what broke him—speculation of some sort, I suppose; anyhow, he failed for all he was worth and Jim was left an absolute beggar. As soon as he heard the news Jim left Oxford, and I only saw him for a few minutes at the station, when he cried like a child. My time at the 'varsity was over at the end of the term, and Jim promised to come and stop with me at my people's in Norfolk. I never saw him again in two years."

Vernon stopped to knock the ash off his cigar.

"Go on," I said, impatiently, for I was getting interested.

"I tried all I could to find out his whereabouts," Vernon went on, "but all to no purpose. No one knew where he was or where he had gone to. At last, after two years, I met him again. It was at a little Bohemian restaurant in Soho, one of these places where they feed you for practically nothing. I had gone there out of pure curiosity, and the first person I saw in the place was Jim. He didn't seem anything like as pleased to see me as I was to see him, and it was some time before I could get him to tell me what he was doing. When he did, his story was a sad one. His poor old father had died soon after the failure and left Jim absolutely penniless and alone in the world. No one would stir a finger to help him, and he, who had never done a stroke of real work in his life, had to look out for some way of earning a living. He came to London, starved for nearly a year, and at last managed to get a job as 'super' in some theater or other. That was, he told me, what he was doing then. His clothes were old and dirty, he hadn't shaved for a week, and there were great dark lines under his eyes that told a thousand tales. I begged him to let me help him, but he refused all offers, swore that he would get rid of himself if something better didn't turn up, and then left me without even shaking hands.

"After that I often saw him about, but he would never let me get near, and would slink away directly he saw me. Every time I met him he seemed to look more wretched, shabbier and dirtier, and one day I knew how low he had sunk, poor devil! for I saw him parading Piccadilly with sandwich boards strapped across the back and a [illegible] that told of drink and nothing else. After that I lost sight of him again, and I must confess that, in the bustle of business and the excitement of political affairs, I almost forgot his existence.

"One morning, however, about two years later, when I was sitting over a late breakfast, my servant came in and told me a rough, dirty-looking man wanted to see me.

"'I told him you were at breakfast, sir,' West said, 'but he said that didn't matter, he was sure you'd see him all the same.'

"'What name did he give?' I asked, wondering who on earth my visitor could be.

"'Barham, I think he said, sir,' my servant replied.

"I jumped up and ran into the hall, and there I found Jim sitting.

"'Come in, old man,' I said, and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Jim followed me into the dining-room, and when I shut the door sat down at the table and cut off a great chunk of bread.

"'I'll speak when I've eaten a bit,' he said, and broke into a laugh. 'Funny thing, a man with £100,000 being nearly starved!'

"I looked at the poor chap anxiously, thinking his head had been turned with the trouble he had gone through, but though he was in an even dirtier and more ragged condition than when I last saw him, he had no look of the madman.

"When he had crammed the last piece of bread into his mouth he jumped up and seized me by the shoulders.

"'I am not mad, old chap, or dreaming, though you know you think I am. Look at this letter, and then tell me if you don't think this is a funny world.'

"I read the letter quickly.

"'Good heavens, it's true!' was all I could say.

"'Yes,' said Jim, 'I'm the proud possessor of £100,000, left me by an old uncle who refused to give me a cent six months ago. It is a funny world.

"He fell into a chair and burst into a roar of laughter, and I couldn't help joining him.

"'But look here, old boy,' Jim said, suddenly growing serious again, 'this is not all I came for. I came to tell you that you've got to share this with me. We'll have a real good time with this money. It's no good shaking your head; you must join me. And I'll tell you what I'm going to do with it. I'm not going to invest it or speculate with it or do any of that nonsense. I'm going to spend it. I've had a ghastly, awful time of it for the last six years; I've lived among people you'd scarcely care to touch; I've been an outcast, a scum of the earth, a sewer rat. And it's all because of the lack of this confounded money. Now I've got it I'm going to make it pay me back for some of the ills its want has caused me. I'm going to live for five years. I shall have £20,000 a year and you'll share it with me; and on this day five years hence, when the money's all gone—as it will be—I'm going to blow my brains out!'

"He stopped for a moment and began to pace up and down the room.

"'Don't talk like that,' I said; 'you know you don't mean it.' He came up to me, put his hands on my shoulders and looked me straight in the face.

"'Old chap,' he said, solemnly, 'I do mean it. I am going to live for five years, and I swear before God that on this day five years hence I shall put a bullet into my brain. I swear it.'"

Vernon broke off and looked at the clock.

"I say, it's getting very late," he said; "I'll finish this yarn another day."

"No, no; go on," I said.

"Well, Jim got his money all right, banked it and started to live. He went in for every kind of luxury, yachted, raced, shot—did everything a man with £20,000 a year can do. I was with him a great deal, and tried to put a check on some of his excesses, but all to no purpose. He lived a very devil of a life, was never in bed before in the morning, smoked like a chimney, drank like a fish and played old Harry with his constitution generally. It was no good trying to argue with him; if one did his answer always was: 'I'm only going to live for five years, old boy, and I mean to enjoy those years, I can tell you.'

"For four years this life went on, and he then woke up one morning to find he had only got £10,000 and one year of life left, and—he was madly in love with a woman. She was a widow, absolutely penniless, but as handsome as paint, and as attractive into the bargain. Poor old Jim became her abject slave. He was always about with her, loaded her with presents, and I gradually saw less and less of him. One day, however, he wrote to me and asked me to come around to his rooms, as he had something special he wanted to say to me. I went and found him in a very excited state, pacing up and down his room like a madman.

"'I've been a fool,' he said, almost as soon as I had closed the door, 'a confounded idiot. I have been living like a beast for four years and a half, and thought I was enjoying myself. I made an idiotic vow, and my money's all gone, barring £10,000. Curse it, what a fool I've been!'"

"'You know the proverb about spilt milk, Jim,' I said.

"He sunk into a chair with a kind of groan.

"'Yes, I know,' he said, 'but, hang it, I can't help crying over it. For I'm in love with the best and loveliest woman in the world, and she'd marry me to-morrow—only I have wasted most of my money. Ah, old boy, as I told you four years ago, it's a funny world. I have made a confounded mess of my life, and I supposed I deserve what I've got, but it's hard.'

"'Poor old boy!' was all I could say. Jim squeezed my hand hard and sat silent, staring into the glowing fire, as if there he might find some way out of his perplexity. I shall never in my life forget that hour in his rooms. I can see the whole scene quite plainly at this moment. The cozy, well-furnished room, the pictures on the walls and Jim's sad face showing up distinctly with the red glow of the firelight on it—I tell you that scene's photographed on my memory.

"I should think we sat like that for close on half an hour and then Jim suddenly sprang up.

"'I have it,' he shouted. 'I know what I'll do. Look here. I've got £10,000 left. Well, I'm going to try my luck on the stock exchange. If things turn up trumps I'll marry and try and live a decent life. If they don't, well, hang it, I'll keep my vow and have done with it. They tell me that a revolver bullet doesn't hurt much. It's so soon over.'

"By the time I had left him Jim and I had agreed to go and see a very clever stock broker—a friend of mine—the next day, and ask him to do his best.

"'It's such a funny world,' Jim said, as I shook his hand. 'Perhaps I may be lucky, and then my vow can go to the devil and my revolver into the gutter.'

"Well, you know what a queer jade Dame Fortune is said to be, and in Jim's case she lived up to her reputation. My friend made money for him hand over fist. Every company he put money into seemed as if it couldn't go wrong, and, as things were booming, Jim made about £30,000 or £40,000 in three or four months. But he wouldn't be satisfied with that.

"'I'll go on,' he said, 'till the day before that on which I was to fulfill my vow, and on that day, no matter what the conditions of the market, I'll sell every blessed share I've got; and then, if all goes well, I'll be married the next week.'

"I didn't see him much during the succeeding two months, as I was very busy at the time, but he kept sending me notes telling me all was going well; and, knowing what shares he held, I could see on reference to the papers that he must have made a pot of money.

"At last the day came on which he was to sell every share he held. He came into the club—this very club, by the way—about two in the afternoon, and I could see by his face that things had gone all right with him.

"'Congratulate me, old chap,' he said, 'that's all.' I wrung his hand. 'When you've done squashing my hand, old boy," he said, 'I want you to come round to my place.'

"We took a cab and were soon there.

"'Now,' said Jim, 'I'm going to chuck this revolver away, and then I shall feel as free as a lark.'

"He took the pistol from a drawer, opened one of the windows and threw it far away into the park below.

"'And there goes the last of my bad luck, please Heaven!' he shouted, gayly. 'And to-night you and I and the future Mrs. Barham shall have a dinner together to celebrate the event, and on this day week I'm going in for matrimony.'

"'And bilss, I hope,' I added, laughingly.

"'I don't hope, old boy, I know,' Jim said.

"We three dined together that night, and Jim was in the best of spirits. He seemed to have taken a new lease of life, and I could see that the woman he was going to marry really cared for him. She seemed, too, as good as she was lovely.

"Jim and I went on to the club afterward and sat up late talking.

"'Do you remember this day five years ago,' he said, as we parted on the doorstep. I nodded.

"'Well, isn't it a funny world?' he answered, laughing.

"He was right, poor, dear old chap. And it was even funnier than he expected, for that very night the Three Sisters held a consultation over him and before dawn broke Antropos had cut in two the thread of his life."

* * * * * * *

"I say, it is late," Vernon broke off, and his voice was rather husky. "You go my way, don't you? Well, come on, I'll drop you."—Pick-Me-Up.

NOT WORRYING.

He Gave Two Reasons Why He Felt Confident.

A young man about 25 years old was sitting in the waiting room of the Brush street depot with a one-year-old baby on his knee, and his alarm and helplessness when the child began to howl were so marked as to attract attention. By and by a waiting passenger walked over to him with a smile of pity on his face and queried:

"A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went on to see about her baggage, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Ha! ha! ha! I tumbled to the fact as soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"Ha! ha! ha! This is rich. Looking for her every blessed minute, ain't you?"

"I think she'll come back."

"Well, this makes me laugh—ha! ha! ha! I had a woman play that same trick with me in a Chicago depot once, but no one ever will again. Young man, you're stuck! You've been played on for a hayseed. Better turn that thing over to a policeman and make a skip before some reporter gets onto you."

"Oh, she'll come back," replied the young man, as he looked anxiously around.

"She will, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Joke grows richer and richer. What makes you think she'll come back?"

"Because she's my wife and this is our first baby."

"Ah—um—I see," muttered the fat man, who got over feeling tickled at once, and in his vexation he crossed the room and kicked a dog which a farmer had tied to one of the seats with a piece of clothesline.—Detroit Free Press.

—It is estimated by naturalists that of the millions of eggs laid by mosquitoes during a season, not one in ten produces a perfect insect, the greater number of these pests perishing, either in the eggs or in the larvae form, being devoured by fish, reptiles and birds.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—He—"There is one thing I like about you, Miss Daisy." Miss Daisy—"And what is that?" He—"My arm."—Tit-Bits.

—Blakely—"I understand you ladies have organized a debating club." Margaret—"Yes; and we have such grand times laughing at the girls who get up to talk."—Philadelphia North American.

—A Boston Joke.—"Please, ma, I don't want any of those cultured peaches." "Cultured peaches, Johnny! What can you mean by that?" "The ones with specs on 'em."—Boston Transcript.

—Yeast—"Do you believe there is such a thing as honor among thieves?" Crimsonbeak—"There must be. I went to a charity fair, last week, and I got cut with my umbrella."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Hyson—"Have you seen one of the new five-dollar silver certificates yet?" Faraway—"No, Hyson, I have not. I have pretty good eyesight, but I can't see quite as far as that."—Yonkers Statesman.

—A Sixteen to One Town.—"Is this a sixteen to one town?" asked the drummer. "It air on Supnday," answered the native. "On Sunday?" "Yas. Sixteen goes fishin' to one goin' to church."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Not a Man of Resources.—Tom—"How do you like wedded bliss, Jack?" Jack—"All right, except the Sunday work." Tom—"Going to church, I suppose?" Jack—"No; thinking up excuses for not going. It's a terrible mental strain."—Detroit Journal.

—Johnnie's Complaint.—Friend of the Family—"Johnnie, I suppose you are delighted with the new little brother at your house?" Johnnie—"New nuthin'. He's second-hand. The doctor brought him, and there's no tellin' how many families has had him before."—Detroit Free Press.

SELF-SHOOTING GUN.

Weapon with Which the Army and Navy Is to Be Equipped.

The navy department at Washington has just ordered 50 of the most remarkable guns in the world. Each of them is able to discharge 400 rifle bullets a minute, and continues at that rate until the marksman wants to stop. More that that, it fires itself, only requiring to be aimed. It is the Colt automatic gun.

This wonderful gun weighs only 40 pounds. It is a magazine rifle, with one barrel, the caliber of which is the same as that of the improved rifle newly adopted by the navy, a little less than a quarter of an inch. This means that the bullet, which is of lead, with a steel jacket, is much less in diameter than an ordinary lead pencil. The bullet is about an inch long, almost cylindrical in shape, tapering somewhat and rounded at the front end. The gun discharges seven of these projectiles each second, and they leave the weapon with a velocity of nearly half a mile a second.

The rapidity of the discharge is so tremendous that there seems to be a continuous stream of bullets flying from the muzzle of the gun. So great is their velocity, however, that there is actually an interval of 300 feet between each two. Cartridges are fed to the weapon automatically by feed belts which are coiled in boxes and readily attachable to the breech. The boxes hold from 100 to 500 cartridges. All the marksman has to do is to pull the trigger once and the gun goes on firing of its own accord as long as the cartridges are supplied. In fact, the instrument is a repeating rifle with an inexhaustible magazine and a rapidity of fire that is almost inconceivable. It uses the same bullets as the new navy rifle, and they are discharged with the same velocity, but the discharge is automatic, the firing mechanism being operated by powder gas.

The weapon may be carried comfortably in a "boot" at the side of a trooper's horse. Ordinarily, on land, it is designed to be mounted for action upon a light tripod. It is provided with a pivot, set into a socket on the tripod or into a similar socket on the rail of a vessel. All the ships of the navy will soon be provided with these guns. One of these weapons at a distance of a mile might mow down an entire regiment within two minutes, so that hardly a man would be left unwounded. The Colt gun is sighted ordinarily for 2,000 yards, which is a little over a mile, but it is as effective at twice that distance. However, it is not practicable to fire at individuals beyond 2,000 yards.

The marksman uses both hands in aiming the gun, whether it is set on a tripod or on the rail of a vessel. It responds so readily to adjustment that he is able to write his name with bullets upon a good-sized target, and to do it with considerable rapidity. If the weapon is mounted upon a tripod, he seats himself on a saddle that looks like a bicycle saddle, attached to the leg of the tripod, which projects toward the rear. The saddle is so adjusted that his eye is brought directly in line with the sight of the weapon. Pulling the trigger once, he simply holds it back as long as he desires the gun to keep on firing, varying the aim just as a person directing a garden hose would do.

The United States army is also going to have guns of the Colt type. The war department has ordered a trial of them.

Guns of this pattern are comparatively cheap. They can be made in quantities for a selling price of about $300 The cartridges cost only $25 per 1,000—2½ cents each.—N. Y. Journal.

Out of Condition.

Hostess—Miss Hightone, won't you sing for us?

Miss Hightone (society soprano)—I have such a cold.

Hostess—Mr. Lowvoice. I am sure you will sing.

Mr. Lowvoice (society basso)—Pardon me, but I do not see how I can sing to-night; I haven't a cold!—N. Y. Weekly.

WOMAN AND HOME.

HINTS FOR WHEELWOMEN.

Their Education Should Not End with Learning to Mount and Ride.

When the average young woman learns to dismount without bruising herself, and to mount without the assistance of a large body guard, she fondly imagines that her woes are at an end. She does not foresee the repair shop; her prophetic soul gives her no warning of the punctured tire; the mantle of the seer does not fall upon her, and she has no hint of mornings spent in the basement area cleaning her machine. She does not guess that a course in practical mechanics should be taught at the cycling academy.

Every woman who intends to ride should learn to adjust her saddle and the handle bars. Before she goes for a ride she should test the saddle to see if it is perfectly firm. If it is not she should be able to tighten it. If she rides at night she should see that her lamp is filled and trimmed, that its glass is clear, and that it is firmly fastened in its place, so that no jolts or jars will disturb it. Of course, if she rides at night, she must be provided either with matches or an escort.

She must also learn the use of the various tools found in the tool box. She may spend many a pleasant hour in cleaning and oiling her wheel. All the parts which are the centers of revolution should be kept scrupulously clean. The dust of the road enters the crevices and combines with the oil in a way that is fatal to speed and ease in propelling the machine. Cheesecloth rags which are free from lint should be used to clean these parts. They should be oiled once for about every 100 miles if the cyclist be a fairly frequent patron of the road, and about once a fortnight if she does not ride often or far at a time.

When the chain begins to look clogged it should be removed and soaked in kerosene to clean it. Then it should be thoroughly dried, rubbed with some good lubricant, and restored to its position.—Chicago Tribune.

MRS. ARTHUR SEWALL.

The Charming Wife of the Democratic Nominee for Vice President.

Mrs. Arthur Sewall, the charming wife of the democratic nominee for the vice presidency, shrinks from publicity and is one of the most sensitive ladies in the land. That is the reason she persistently refuses to give her pictures to the newspapers. Soon, however, she found she was not wise in this reticency, for portraits that in no wise flattered her began to appear, and at last she succumbed with the best grace possible and sat for her photograph for publication. This picture was taken since Mr.

MRS. ARTHUR SEWALL.

Sewall's nomination, and is her latest photograph. The wife of the Maine candidate was Miss Emily Duncan Crocker and the daughter of one of Bath's most respected citizens. She was educated abroad and has spent much time on the continent. She is a wide reader and of more than ordinary culture. Mrs. Sewall's ancestors were among the earliest settlers of Brunswick, Me., and she loves to visit the scene of her ancient home. She is a clever amateur photographer, loves flowers, delights in good literature, and is not averse to music. Mrs. Sewall agrees with her husband in politics. Their son, Harold M., who was consul to Samoa, is a stanch republican.

FREEZING ICE CREAM.

Follow These Instructions and You'll Be Sure to Succeed.

Do not draw any water from the ice while freezing unless water raises to top of can. The can should be only two-thirds full of milk, as it will raise one-third while freezing. After the milk has been placed in the can, put the freezer together ready for operation, mash the ice and sprinkle coarse salt on until it stops cracking. (The ice may be previously prepared). Then put the ice around the can and add more salt. When the freezing is completed remove the beaters and cover the freezer with carpet or woolen cloth and let the ice cream harden one-half hour before serving. After frozen, beating the cream with a large spoon or wooden paddle will improve it. After standing several hours it should be beaten before serving. Dipping a spoon in lukewarm water before serving each plate of cream and turn once around, will cut a very nice form.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Use of Fingers at Table.

Do not be appalled if olives are proffered you on a dish unaccompanied by an olive fork. The use of the fingers in this case is allowable. Saratoga chips may be also thus handled. In France the various green salads for which that country is famous are prepared at the table by the dainty hands of the hostess, and the practice of tearing the leaves of lettuce apart with the fingers instead of cutting with a fork is gaining ground among Americans.

Broke.

Nodd—Your wife says you didn't reply to all her letters while she was away.

Todd—I couldn't. Business wasn't good enough.—Truth.

VENTILATED GLOVES.

Women Who Ride the Wheel Say They Are a Splendid Thing.

Women abroad who ride the wheel are patronizing a glove made especially for the purpose and sold under the name of "cycling gloves," although equally suitable for riding and driving.

VENTILATED CYCLING GLOVES

Two leathers are employed in the manufacture of this glove—namely, tan doeskin on thumb and back and tan cape on palm and under wrists, with ventilation holes between the fingers. It is claimed that this glove "has the greatest advantages for cycling purposes, admitting of perfect freedom to the hand, a firm grip of the machine, thorough ventilation and everlasting wear."—Chicago Chronicle.

FAMILY SCRAP BASKET.

Use milk pudding and stewed fruit for bilious dyspepsia.

After washing never wring worsted dress goods. Shake them.

Spirits of turpentine is the thing with which to cleanse and brighten patent leather.

Moderately strong salt and water taken by the teaspoonful at intervals is a cure for catarrhal cold.

Soak black calico in salt and water before washing, and so prevent its fading.

Toilet vinegar, cologne water, alcohol and red wine are good for oily and moist hands.

An exchange says: Apply castor oil once a day to warts from two to six weeks, and they will disappear.

No receptacle for soiled clothing, even if handsomely decorated, should be kept in a sleeping apartment.

The dirtiest frying pan will become clean if soaked five minutes in ammonia and water.

Old feather beds, if left on a grass plot during a summer shower, and allowed to get thoroughly wet, will, when dry and beaten, seem fresh and new again.

Whiten yellow linen by boiling half an hour in one pound of fine soap melted in one gallon of milk. Then wash in suds, then in two cold waters with a little bluing.

A skewer will be found to be of great assistance in sweeping a room. Nothing else can so thoroughly dig out deposits of rust from dusky corners. For still smaller recesses a bit of twisted wire that started life as a hairpin will be found equally effective.

MATCH BOXES FOR GIRLS.

Another of Man's Prerogatives Seized Upon by the New Woman.

Until this year the match box has been the unquestioned, exclusive property of man. Never once did he think of such a thing as the fairer sex borrowing it. He may have had a presentment of her laying claim to his necktie, but his matchbox—never.

But the bicycle girl, who makes whatever she wants possible, has now laid siege to man's matchbox. If she contemplates riding at night she needs matches to light her lamp, and necessarily she must carry them in a matchbox.

That is the reason that there are any number of new match boxes this year which are smaller and more dainty than anything in this line ever seen before.

"Do girls buy them?" a prominent jeweler was asked. To which question he answered: "Yes, indeed. The smaller sizes are made particularly for their special use."

The prettiest of the new match boxes for girls are of gold with an enameled decoration. The enamelling either takes the form of a college or yacht club flag or it resembles a hand-painted miniature showing a girl on a wheel or the head of a dog. Many of these matchboxes are made with a concealed recess for a photograph. It is only when a certain spring is touched that the picture can be seen, so skillfully is it hidden away.

The silver matchboxes, decorated with the outline of a tiny bicycle in enamel, are also new and much less expensive.—N. Y. Journal.

Piano Seats and Drapery.

The straight back of an upright piano has inspired the brain of many a housewife to the invention of new kinds of drapery. But no matter how new the drapery or how ample its folds, the object is always obvious. To assist it and to give it a reason for being a most becoming background, the latest fashion of piano seats is as clever as it is comfortable. These seats may be with or without backs and should be placed directly against the piano, where the drapery falls. The Recamier bench, in which any woman might fancy she would look well after gazing upon the fair Recamier as she reclines against its one arm, is peculiarly fitted to accomplish the pleasing result sought by the housewife.

Martin Luther's Wedding Ring.

Luther's wedding ring was a most elaborate affair, containing representations of all the articles used at the crucifixion; the ladder, the cross, the rope, the nails, the hammer, the spear, the thorns, were all shown in the circumference of this peculiar piece of jewelry.

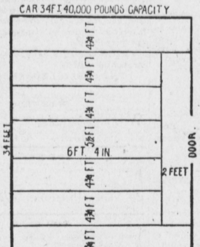
—Pride is the greatest danger because the greatest lie.

THE FARMING WORLD.

APPLES FOR SHIPMENT.

How to Load a Car So That the Fruit Will Not Be Injured.

I pile apples in 100 to 200 bushel piles and cover with hay and sort when loading a car; the poorer fruit is emptied on boards, where they can be kept clean and handled with a scoop shovel when shipped for cider. A new, sweet-smelling car will add $25 to the selling price of the load of apples. A 40,000 pounds capacity car is 34 feet long in the clear by 8½ feet wide. I allow an alley-way at one side two feet wide to within 4¾ feet of each end. Make five partitions 4¾ feet apart and one 5½ feet in the center. This gives seven spaces to fill with apples. Place six inches of clean prairie hay in the bottom of the car. With careful handling from 800 to 1,000 bushels of apples can be packed in a car. Keep varieties separate, bright colored sorts next to the door; fill the alley-way with apples; place a clean carpet or sacking over the entire lot. This keeps coal dust off, and the motion of the car brightens and polishes the apples up. On the other hand, apples not covered, get grimy with



HOW TO FILL A CAR OF APPLES.

sweat and dust and look filthy. It will take a little over 200 feet of lumber for the partitions, and a good workman will put them in in an hour. After selling the apples I have always got first cost for the lumber.

Grimes Golden and Yellow Bellflower contrast well with Jonathan and Fameuse, and at each end of the car have a bin of willow twigs and Rawle's genet to tone down with their gray colors. I pay freight of about ten cents per bushel on apples on distances of 300 to 600 miles, varying on the different roads. Select a town having a boom, if possible; never ship to where crops have failed. Telegraph and get prices of apples; start so as to get to your destination one day ahead of the cars. This gives you the chance to get your bills printed and a notice in the next day's daily. Remember printer's ink is a good thing. Pass quietly through the town, buy a few apples of the grocers; get prices and say nothing about your business. Have your bills posted all over town that night. Hire an intelligent, honest man to assist you in measuring. If sales are slow, canvass among the farmers.

The attempt to deceive about the quality of an apple in this day and age is so thin that it deserves and is sure to receive contempt. Common prudence would dictate to one who is a stranger that he should deposit his receipts every night with a good reliable bank and avoid loose company. It generally requires about a week to sell by retail a carload of apples. When through selling, check carpets, etc., home and save expense of freight bills. At small expense, I place the product of my orchards before the consumer, whether of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska or the Dakotas.—G. W. Shaw, to Iowa Horticultural Society.

HOW TO PACK BUTTER.

It Can Be Kept Sweet and in Good Order for Months.

Butter is never so good as when used within one week from the time it leaves the churn. It possesses then a delicate aroma and a peculiar, indescribable flavor, which soon passes away and is never present thereafter; but butter properly made can be kept sweet and in good order for months.

Get the butter in good condition as soon as possible after churning and pack it firmly in gallon or half-gallon jars. Those containing five or six pounds are preferable. When the jars are bought ask the seller, as he marks the weight of each, to number them, so that a record of the amount of butter in each jar can readily be kept. Pack the jars level full, tie a round piece of strong, thick cloth over the top and place it bottom side up into a new, large crock. Do not pack butter made at different times in the same jar, but store only those jars that can be filled at one churning.

Make strong brine, using all the salt the water will absorb, adding to each gallon a teaspoonful of saltpeter and a teaspoonful of granulated sugar. Scald the brine and skim it thoroughly. When cold strain through a wet thick cloth into the crock. Add more brine from time to time to keep the jars covered two inches in depth. Tie a thick cloth over the crock to protect from dust, and over this place a wooden cover to exclude the light.

Do not keep the crock on the cellar floor, even if it is a cement one, but on a platform, if possible, with slate underneath the crock to insure free circulation of air. This will prevent mold forming on the bottom of the crock.

Several smaller crocks may be used in which to store the jars rather than use the large crock. To clean jars and crocks, use a bath of hot lime water or strong hot soda water.—N. Y. Farmer.

Market gardening is a profitable business if the market is near. But it is a laborious business.

STORING POTATOES.

Pits Are All Right, Provided They Are Properly Constructed.

Potatoes should be dug only when the soil is in such condition that the tubers will be comparatively clean when they are picked up, and it should be remembered that every hour the sun shines on them injures them after they have dried off from the dampness of the soil. They should be picked up and piled neatly as soon as dug, or hauled to a place where they may be kept in the dark.

Comparatively few people have storage-room for a large crop of potatoes, and are compelled to keep them through the winter in pits, and in any case this is the best way to store them if the work is properly done. They should be dug as soon as they are perfectly ripe and covered lightly with straw and a few inches of soil thrown over them to keep them from the light. If the soil is firmly patted down after being thrown over the potatoes, six inches will be enough to put over them until the weather gets cold enough to freeze the surface, when they should receive another thick coat of straw, on which six inches more soil should be heaped. No more will be necessary until hard freezing weather comes, when a thick coat of coarse manure may be put over all, and the potatoes are safe until the next spring.

If the putting on of the manure is delayed until the surface is frozen two or three inches deep, the potatoes will keep until late in the spring without sprouting, as the manure prevents the warmth of the sun from penetrating the pit and starting the potatoes into growth. It is a good plan to do this in pitting potatoes, as they are better for not sprouting, whether they are to be eaten or used for seed.

It is a good plan to select the potatoes that are to be used for seed next year when they are dug. This gives an opportunity to select tubers of the proper shape and size, and be sure of a supply when the time comes to plant. I have found it to be a good plan to expose the seed potatoes to the sun before burying them for the winter. My plan is to spread them thinly as soon as selected, and turn them over occasionally, until they are green all over and thoroughly spoiled for eating. By this exposure they become hardened, until they will stand cold weather better, and when planted, the plants send out sturdy stalks that can be distinguished by any one from those from tubers that have not been exposed in this manner.

A place must be selected for pitting potatoes where the water will not settle about them during the hottest weather, for if this happens, trouble will follow.

The same plan does very well for turnips, cow beets and other vegetables that must be pitted.

Apples should not be so thoroughly covered, as they keep better if they are kept about freezing-point; and if the frost happens to get to them, and they are allowed to thaw without being disturbed, it does not injure them.

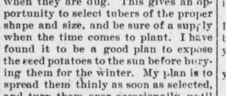
Potatoes that have been pitted keep perfectly after being taken out in the spring, while apples will not keep as well after being out of the pits as those that have been kept in a cellar or fruit-house.—Farm and Fireside.

DAIRY MANAGEMENT.

Prize Essay on the Production of Milk in Winter.

Eugene Rogers won first prize offered by the Michigan Farmer for best essay on the above subject. Comfortable quarters he placed as the first requisite, and we give the description and illustration of his barn basement. He says:

We keep the temperaure of our stable at 30 to 35 degrees and never below 20 degrees in the most severe weather. I find the cows eat and do better when not too warm. We use a single stanchion with chain tie. The stanchion is simply a pole about three inches through, mortised into a sill and securely fastened



ROGERS' COW STABLE.

a, chain tie; b, feed rack; d, manger; c, face to feed grain through. The dotted lines show where partitions come.

at the top. The chain tie goes around the neck with a large ring that slides easily up and down the stanchion. This gives the cow much more comfort and keeps her just as clean.

We put the first stanchion 18 inches from the wall or partition, and then one every three feet. We then put a partition between every other cow. The partition should fit tight in the manger, and should not come back between the cows more than 18 inches from the stanchion. We have a drop behind the cows of six inches. The floor on which the cows stand is five feet from manger to drop. The manger is 18 inches wide. We left an eight-inch space under the feed rack to feed grain through.

This stable has many advantages, and I think would be appreciated by all. Water is as necessary as the feed in the production of winter milk, and it is hard for the average farmer to supply his cows with plentiful of it of the right temperature. A cow cannot do her best if compelled to stand in a zero wind and drink through the ice. I would water in the stable, if possible. We have a drive well in the feed alley. The temperature of the water from this well is never below 50 degrees, but I would like to supply them with water ten or fifteen degrees warmer.

Good care is what tells in the long run. Milk, feed and water regularly, and be sure not to leave them out when too cold. We only leave ours out long enough to arrange the stable, when the temperature is below 20 degrees.

Judge Emery, of Kansas, says "irrigation will double the life and product of any orchard."

How have you been most successful in keeping winter apples?

POLITICS IN THE FUTURE.

Deadly Love Letters Will Be Used to Prevent Personalities.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this call?"

It was Mrs. Ellen Mary Ricketts who spoke. She held in her hand the card of Mrs. Eliza Jenkinson, which had just been laid on her desk by the office girl, for the card was followed almost instantly by the entrance of the person whose name it bore.

There was really no necessity for the use of the card, either, for the two had frequently met.

Mrs. Ricketts was the candidate for congress of the optional headgear party, while Mrs. Jenkinson was the non-cuspidor nominee. Under the circumstances it was natural for her to be surprised at receiving a call from her opponent.

"I came to see you on a small matter of business," observed the visitor.

"Pray proceed."

"I have learned from good authority that your agents are bent upon a campaign of personalities, and that they intend to give to the press certain slanderous gossip about me, calculated to injure my candidature."

The speaker paused, and Mrs. Ricketts said, interrogatively:

"Well?"

"Well," echoed Mrs. Jenkinson, "we must keep personalities out of the campaign."

"We must, must we?"

"We must."

Mrs. Ricketts sneered.

Mrs. Jenkinson waxed wroth.

"Look here, Mary Ellen Ricketts," she exclaimed, "don't you dare to turn up your snub nose at me, now!"

"Eliza Jenkinson," retorted Mrs. Ricketts, "my nose is not a snub, and don't you dare to presume to dictate what my agents shall or shall not do in this campaign."

"We'll see about that, Mary Ellen Ricketts; you were engaged to my husband in your young days, a good many years ago."

"I'm not nearly as old as you, I'd have you know."

"You are."

"I'm not, you insulting thing."

"You are."

"I'm not."

"We will pass that point, but I want to say that when I married my husband all your love letters were still in his possession, and I have them now."

"You spiteful thing."

"Many a good laugh I have had over them. What a perfect goose you were!"

"I just hate you, so there!"

"And I merely wish to add that on the very first publication of a personality about me in your newspaper organs I shall print in the Daily Bugle every single one of your lackadaisical epistles. Do you understand?"

The two women glared at each other a half a minute, and then Mrs. Jenkinson withdrew, leaving Mrs. Mary Ricketts deep in thought.

The campaign was conducted without any personalities.—N. Y. Telegram.

ONE OF BILL NYE'S TALES.

The True and Touching Story of a Laramie Goat in a Frame.

Laramie has a seal-brown goat with iron-gray chin whiskers and a breath like new-mown hay, wrote Bill Nye.

He has not had as hard a winter as the majority of stock on the Rocky mountains, because he is of a domestic turn of mind and tries to make man his friend. Though social in his nature he never intrudes himself on people after they have intimated with a shotgun that they are weary of him.

When the world seems cold and dark to him and everybody turns coldly away from him he does not steal away by himself and die of corroding grief. He just lies down on the sidewalk in the sun and fills the air with the seductive fragrance of which he is the sole proprietor.

One day just as he had eaten his midday meal of bootheels and cold sliced atmosphere and kerosene barrel staves he saw a man going along the street with a large looking-glass under his arm.

The goat watched the man and saw him set the mirror down by a gate and go inside the house after some more things that he was moving. Then the goat stammered with his tail a few times and went up to see if he could eat the mirror.

When he got pretty close to it he saw a hungry-looking goat apparently coming toward him, so he backed off a few yards and went for him. There was a loud crash and when the man came out he saw a full-length portrait of a goat, with a heavy black walnut frame around it, going down the street with a great deal of apparent relish.

Then the man said something derogatory about the goat, and seemed offended about something.

Goats are not timid in their nature, and are easily domesticated.

There are two kinds of goats—the cashmere goat and the plain goat. The former is worked up into cashmere shawls and cashmere bouquet. The latter is not.

The cashmere bouquet of commerce is not made of the common goat. It is a good thing that it is not.

A goat that has always been treated with uniform kindness and never betrayed may be taught to eat out of the hand. Also out of the flour barrel or the ice cream freezer.—Utica Observer.

Farina Custard.

Put one cupful of milk in a double boiler. When hot, sprinkle in one heaping teaspoonful of farina. Cook until thick and smooth. Beat one egg with half a cupful of sugar, add to the hot farina. Cook a few minutes, add a little vanilla and set aside to cool. Serve with cream. The farina cooked in milk or water and served with sugar and cream makes a very nice breakfast dish. —Ladies' World.

The Aftermath.

Baggs—They say that Stagg's dinner was a very swell affair.

Gaggs—Yes, that's just how it affected me.—Up-to-Date.

SYLPHLIKE EFFECTS.

Some Things That the Stout Should Always Avoid.

If you are stout, avoid checks as you would avoid the plague. If you are stout do not let the most seductive bargain in stripes, the most persuasive orator among modistes, induce you to wear a gown with horizontal lines. On these two commandments hang at least half your hopes of beauty.

If you are stout shun the primary colors. Nothing makes a woman of portly proportions look quite so gigantic, quite so hopelessly heating as reds, clear violets and orange hues. There are colors which can be used effectively, only in small quantities. Let white and cream color severely alone. They may make you look statuesque, but statues require a gallery for a background, and are out of place in a modest home.

Unless you are a wise woman, as well as a stout one, you will occasionally fall into the error of thinking that strong lacing strings are your best friends, and that the more tightly you can gird yourself the more sylphlike you will appear. It is a delusion. Tight-fitting gowns merely accentuate your defects.

You begin to suggest smotherings, strangulations and other unpleasant conditions. Superabundance of curves may be hidden beneath kindly folds and beneficient fluffiness. They are only made the more conspicuous by attempts to reduce them by main force and corset steels.

The corset of the stout woman, by the way, is something to which she should give great attention. Only the "low" ones should be worn. High ones, which crowd the bust into the neck so that chin and chest meet, are the ones to which most stout women fly with a fatuous blindness.

Skirt trimmings, which take from the apparent height, are also to be avoided. Broad belts, which decrease the effect of length, are also among the tabooed articles. In fact, the woman blessed or cursed with "embonpoint" must be exceedingly wary in the matter of belts. She must, whenever it is possible, wear those of the same color as her bodice or her skirt. The former adds to her waist length and the latter to her length of limb. Belts which are slightly curved over the hips and pointed in the back and front are among those which she can wear with excellent effect.

The high collar should be another of the stout woman's aversions. She frequently has a pretty neck as one of the small compensations granted by Providence for an ugly figure, but the high collar hides and spoils it. The fichu was particularly intended for her; so were the falling over lace frill and the rather narrow ribbon bands. Fluffy feather and lace boas belong to her only when they are long and when instead of coming under the chin they fall in long lines down the front of the gown on either side.

In short, the stout woman's sartorial salvation lies in a conscientious adherence to the "long line" principle. Whether they are stripes woven in the material or folds laid by the dressmaker, they are her only means of giving the effect of graceful height.—St. Louis Republic.

YELLOWSTONE PARK IN DECAY.

No Improvements Made for a Year—Some Suggestions Offered.

An important report on the condition of the Yellowstone National park was made to the secretary of the interior recently by Capt. G. S. Anderson, Sixth cavalry, acting superintendent of the park. Capt. Anderson says the park has received no improvement the last year, because the Northern Pacific railroad, the principal stockholder in the park association, has been unable to spend money on it. He says there is a great need of new hotels and lunch-houses to accommodate the class of visitors who have abundant means. There is a large class of visitors who go through the park in camping parties in charge of licensed conductors. The authorities in charge of the park confess that these parties annoy them not a little. They are careless about their camp fires and continually threaten serious damage by fire. Another thing that ought, he thinks, to be consolidated under one control is the Yellowstone lake steamboat franchise. The present steamboat company desires to rush tourists through the park, as it receives the same pay whether the stop-over privileges are granted or not. The hotel people, on the other hand, would like to prolong the stay of the visitors. Thus there is a clashing of interests. Although the area of the park is greater than that of the state of Connecticut, but $30,000 has been for several years allowed for its protection and improvement. This year $35,000 is available. Capt. Anderson thinks $100,000 ought to be appropriated for about two years, and then the roads could be completed and surfaced with stone. This, he supposes, would anticipate and stop the demand for trolley roads.

Poaching has gone on during the year as usual. Ten carcasses of buffalo were found last summer. One man was caught with four buffalo heads in his possession. Four arrests were made and the parties fined $50 each. All kinds of game, except buffalo, are increasing in the park. A herd visited the corral provided for their shelter last winter, but wandered off again. Scattered bunches have been seen and it is possible that there are 50 in all in the park. Capt. Anderson says it is a doubtful problem whether he will be able to save them. Nature and man are both against them, he says.

In his recommendations Capt. Anderson suggests putting another company of troops in the park.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Reinforced.

Wiggles—Well, did you make him take his words back, as you said you were going to do?

Waggles—Yes, he took them back, but he used them over again more emphatically than he did before.—Somerville Journal.

A WORK OF ART.

"The Texarkana Gateway to Texas and the Southwest"

Is the name of a handsome publication recently issued by the *Iron Mountain Route*, consisting of 224 pages of descriptive matter, interspersed with 600 beautiful half tone illustrations. It is the most comprehensive and, typographically, the handsomest work of its kind ever issued on the state of Texas, and is really a commercial and industrial history of the state. Anyone reading this will have an excellent idea of the vast resources of and great possibilities of the Lone Star State. The book was gotten up by the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway and its connections in the State of Texas, for distribution in the North and East, with the view of attracting immigration, investors, tourists and seekers after health. It is in every way a valuable contribution to the current literature of the day, and is calculated to be of great service to the State of Texas. A copy of this publication will be mailed free on application to any passenger representative of the Missouri Pacific Railway, Iron Mountain Route, or may be had by addressing

H. C. TOWNSEND,
General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

"You will be married at high noon, I suppose?" said Tenspot to his free silver friend. "I shall be married at 16 minutes to 1," replied the white metal man.—Detroit Free Press.

Peace on Earth.

This is once more enjoyed by the rheumatic wise enough to counteract their progressive malady with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. No testimony is stronger than that which indicates it as a source of relief in this complaint. It is also eminently effective as a treatment for kidney trouble, dyspepsia, debility, liver complaint and constipation. Use it with persistence for the above.

"The gre't thrubble that Oi notice about the bicycle," said Mr. Dolan after his first lesson, "is that yez kape fallin' off before yez git an."—Washington Star.

A Household Necessity.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cures headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

FIRST CHICAGO MAN—"What are your plans for the future?" Second Chicago Man—"I think I will stop getting married and settle down."—Truth.

Hunting and Fishing Guide Free.

A guide to the best hunting and fishing grounds of the West and Northwest, containing an excellent map of the lake regions of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan, will be sent free on application to W. B. KNISKERN, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SHE—"When a man proposes to a girl, it doesn't always mean that he wants to marry her." He—"No; it may be a matter of necessity."—Life.

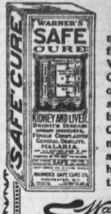
VERY few horses eat corned beef, but we saw one standing the other day with a bit in his mouth.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

"NO MAUDE, a middle-of-the-road candidate is not a bicyclist."—Norristown Herald.

Warner's Safe Cure

IN LARGE OR SMALL BOTTLES



Owing to the many requests from its patrons, Warner's Safe Cure Co. have put on the market a smaller size bottle of Safe Cure which can now be obtained at all druggists at half the price of the large bottle.

Warner's Safe Cure is not only a scientific vegetable preparation and does all that is claimed for it, but it is the only Kidney and Liver medicine used by the best people of four continents. A medicine that bears the stamp of the world's approval, and maintains its position for a fifth of a century, must necessarily possess peculiar merit.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

This button with a ten cent box CASCARETS CANDY CATHARTIC the ideal laxative and guaranteed constipation cure, sent FREE on receipt of five 2-cent stamps. Address STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, Chicago; Montreal, Can.; New York.

AGENTS WANTED

Fancy Campaign Chart, 6 bright colors, 22 x ... Nothing like it. Sample 10 cts. 100 for $6.00. ... for 25 cents. Box 847, Cincinnati, Ohio.

STEADY WORK WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to SELL STARK TREES millions tested, proven "absolutely best." Superb outfits, new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, MO., ROCKPORT, ...

WANTED--AGENTS

For the Pearl Bryan Tragedy; is sensational and good selling book; sample and terms to agents 25 cents; ORDER QUICK. BARCLAY CO., 210 E. Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

HAVE YOU TRIED YUCATAN

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

A. N. K.—E. 1624

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Prof. Babcock, the well-known Chemist, says:—

"I find that Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure. It contains no trace of any substance foreign to the pure roasted cocoa-bean. The color is that of pure cocoa; the flavor is natural, and not artificial; and the product is in every particular such as must have been produced from the pure cocoa-bean without the addition of any chemical, alkali, acid, or artificial flavoring substance, which are to be detected in cocoas prepared by the so-called 'Dutch process.'"

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

"The Old Soldier's Favorite."

Battle Ax PLUG

A little bit of pension goes a long way if you chew "Battle Ax." The biggest piece of really high-grade tobacco ever sold for 5 cents; almost twice as large as the other fellow's inferior brand.

Public Daily Ledger

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

THOMAS A. DAVIS.

EDITOR AND OWNER.

OFFICE—*Public Ledger Building No. 10 East Third Street.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS—IN ADVANCE.

One Year.........$3 00
Six Months.........1 50
Three Months.........75

DELIVERED BY CARRIER.

Per Month.........25 Cents
Payable to carrier at end of month.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertising rates uniform and reasonable and made known on application at the office.

Subscribers who fail to get The Ledger regularly will confer a favor by reporting the fact AT THE OFFICE.

WE'RE FOR AMERICA & AMERICANS!

"I believe that it is a good deal better to open up the Mills of the United States to the Labor of America than to open up the mints of the United States to the silver of the world."—WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

American wage earners alone are sufficiently numerous and wide-awake to determine rightly the pending financial problems, and there are none of these in any branch of industry who will be so dull as not to detect and expose the epidemical delusion of fifty-cents' worth of silver when strutting as a dollar.—SENATOR JUSTIN S. MORRILL.

WHEAT was selling higher in Chicago and London Wednesday than at any time since 1891. Suppose it should go to a dollar a bushel before election—says The Lexington Herald—where would the silverites find a leg to stand on?

GOVERNOR ALTGELD is willing to knock off 50,000 from his estimated Democratic majority of a week ago. He has been claiming 100,000 majority for himself and BRYAN in Illinois, but his latest figures cut this in two. A week from now he will be willing to compromise on 25,000, and on the night of the election he will reluctantly concede about twice that number to MCKINLEY and TANNER.

IN 1892 Oregon, Alabama, Vermont, Arkansas and Maine cast an aggregate of 287,131 Republican votes and 320,231 Democratic votes. This year the aggregate in the same states is 299,224 Republican and 289,655 Democratic votes. The Republican gain is 12,093 and the Democratic loss 30,576. It is plain that the general drift is decidedly adverse to the Democrats. This estimate includes two of their heaviest states.

DANIEL MANNING was a pretty good Democrat, and he said in 1885, while Secretary of the Treasury:

"*A large proportion of our workingmen of mature years have had an instructive experience that lowering the value of any so-called dollar legal tender of payment for their wages is a lowering that is compensated to everybody else before compensation reaches them. It is a lowering that lifts the prices of all commodities before it lifts the rates of their wages.* A cheaper dollar for the workingmen of the United States means a poorer dollar. The daily wages of our workingmen and workingwomen are by far the largest, by far the most important aggregate of wealth to be affected by the degradation of the dollar or by any legal tender equivalent of the dollar. All other aggregates of wealth, the accumulations of capitalists, which can only obtain profitable use by being turned over daily in the wages of workingmen and the employment of captains of their industry, all other aggregates of wealth which remain unemployed in the payment of wages of the day, the month, the year are not to be compared in their sum to this gigantic sum. It is this gigantic sum, the wages of labor, which is assailed by every policy which would make the dollar of the fathers worth less than its weight in gold. The debt of the United States, large as it is, is a wart beside that mountain."

The Ledger's Leaflets—No. 13.

In yesterday's leaflet was promised some official figures showing the wages paid to labor in silver using countries, compared with those in the United States. These figures, as already explained, are gathered by the representatives of the State Department in the various countries and may be relied upon as accurate. In selecting the countries whose wages should be quoted in this statement, all divisions of the globe have been included, Europe, Asia, North America and South America, and in every case the silver using country in which the highest wages are paid has been chosen.

The following figures show the average weekly wages paid for each trade and occupation, beginning with the United States and taking the silver using countries in the order of their proximity and rates of wages paid:

BRICKLAYERS.

United States	$21 00	Russia	$4 32
Mexico	10 00	Japan	2 04
Peru	9 00	China	1 64

MASONS.

United States	$21 00	Russia	$6 72
Mexico	10 80	Japan	2 18
Peru	14 76	China	1 16

TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

United States	$20 00	Russia	$5 25
Mexico	11 50	Japan	2 00
Peru	12 10	China	6 00

PLASTERERS.

United States	$23 00	Russia	$4 00
Mexico	4 25	Japan	1 56
Peru	9 00	China	1 50

ROOFERS

United States	$17 50	Russia	$3 75
Mexico	8 40	Japan	1 80
Peru	6 00	China	1 60

CARPENTERS.

United States	$15 00	Russia	$3 30
Mexico	10 00	Japan	1 56
Peru	9 00	China	2 15

BLACKSMITHS.

United States	$16 00	Russia	$3 72
Mexico	8 00	Japan	1 85
Peru	9 30	China	1 25

TEAMSTERS.

United States	$10 00	Russia	$3 60
Mexico	3 60	Japan	1 50
Peru	3 50	China	—

CABINET MAKERS.

United States	$13 00	Russia	$5 76
Mexico	10 00	Japan	1 12
Peru	9 00	China	2 25

PRINTERS.

United States	$16 00	Russia	$5 76
Mexico	5 76	Japan	1 75
Peru	9 42	China	3 25

TINSMITHS.

United States	$14 00	Russia	$3 96
Mexico	7 50	Japan	—
Peru	7 50	China	1 10

COOPERS.

United States	$16 00	Russia	$3 66
Mexico	7 25	Japan	1 20
Peru	7 50	China	1 63

HODCARRIERS.

United States	$12 00	Russia	$2 45
Mexico	3 00	Japan	1 14
Peru	5 40	China	1 13

MASON TENDERS.

United States	$ 9 00	Russia	$2 88
Mexico	3 50	Japan	1 14
Peru	4 90	China	75

LABORERS.

United States	$ 9 00	Russia	$2 88
Mexico	2 90	Japan	1 14
Peru	3 50	China	1 00

A BUSHEL of wheat is worth more than an ounce of silver. Was this ever the case before? Do they fluctuate together, as the silverites allege?

THE Greenup Gazette asks, If the "crime of 1873" is the cause of hard times since 1893 why did it not make hard times before the Democratic party with its Free-trade machinery took control of the Government? Times were never better in this country than they were in 1892 up to the election of Mr. CLEVELAND and a Free-trade majority in Congress. It snowed the next day, and has snowed discontent, misery and want every day since.

Governor Bradley has refused to commute the sentence of Buford Overton the condemned murderer.

Result of Free-Trade In England.

George B. Curtiss, in his great Tariff history, "Protection and Prosperity," after showing in the most complete manner the origin of the Free-trade movement in England, its success and results and giving a mass of testimony before the Royal Commission, concludes as follows:

Never was such an indictment framed against an economic policy. A similiar condition of the working classes is not to be found in any civilized country on the face of the globe. Were the foregoing statements contained in reports of United States Consuls, or in letters written by the most trustworthy and candid protectionists, they would be denounced and discredited by every professional Free-trader in the world. But coming as they do from an official report to the British Parliament, from men who were held in such high esteem by the Government as to appear worthy of executing such an important trust, they cannot be questioned. The report is above impeachment. The facts set forth are more appalling because they are true. "Throughout the whole kingdom one person out of every four or five is buried by the parish." What a fact to contemplate! "Of all who survive to the age of 70, one out of every three" is a pauper. Death at middle life is better than old age. Yet, even then, a pauper's grave is the lot of one out of five. No amount of accumulated wealth centered in the hands of a few can compensate a Nation for such a condition of the masses. A vast commerce, innumerable ships visiting every harbor in the world, are dumb and speechless as expressions of National growth and prosperity, when the harbors from which they are sent and the country whose flag flies at their masthead are festering with destitution and despair. The loud boastings of the champions of a policy under which such conditions exist cannot long drown the voice of multitudes pleading for work.

Napoleon Shackelford, who was sent to the Kentucky pen from this city for stealing Dan Schwelckart's hogs, is back at his home in Ripley.

Mr. Bryan narrowly escaped being subpœnaed as a witness against pickpockets at Grafton, W. Va.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

YOU'LL FIND IT HERE

SUMMARY OF LOCAL EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK.

MONDAY.

G. W. Conner of Pennsboro, W. Va., and Miss Lizzie M. Park of this city married.... Drugstore of George T. Wood entered and $23 70 stolen from the cash drawer....Thomas F. Spencer and Miss Osa J. Farrow of North Fork married.

TUESDAY.

Mr. Lee B. Gray injured while riding a bicycle near Bluelicks....Inventory of notes, stocks and bonds of the late George Riley shows valuation of $89,169 06.

WEDNESDAY.

W. C. Pelham, John W. Thompson, Thomas A. Davis, Byron Rudy, John Duley and C. L. Sallee chosen by DeKalb Lodge, I. O. O. F., as Representatives to the Grand Lodge.... John Andrew Coburn, once a leading hardware merchant of this city, sent to Asylum for treatment.

THURSDAY.

Mrs. Caroline Keller, a former resident of Maysville, died at Paris....Rev. Boyd K. Muse licensed to perform the marriage ceremony.

FRIDAY.

James Morford, employe of Maysville Brick Co., had his hand mashed while coupling cars ... Mr. W. H. Wadsworth resigned as President of Board of Education. His resignation caused vacancy in membership from First Ward and Mr. Robert A. Cochran chosen to fill it....Mr. Ambrose Scott of Brown county, O., and Mrs. Clara J. Cobb of this city married....W. E. Stallcup, J. B. Newton and Thomas R. Phister chosen Representatives from Ringgold Lodge, I. O. O. F., to the Grand Lodge.

NATIONAL DEMOCRACY.

As long as there are 7,000 Democrats who have not bowed the knee to the false gods of Populism, these 7,000 constitute the Democratic party, though six million traitors say no.—Louisville Post.

[The former Democratic paper of this city having joined the Populist party, THE LEDGER, the only Sound Money paper now printed in Maysville, cheerfully tenders this column for use of the old-time Jeffersonian Democrats.]

National Democratic Appointments.

Speakers have been assigned as follows by the State Campaign Committee of the National Democratic party:

SENATOR WILLIAM LINDSAY.

Paris—Saturday, October 3d.
Ashland—Wednesday, October 28th.
Mt. Sterling—Saturday, October 31st.

W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

Carlisle—Wednesday, October 7th.

JOHN M. ATHERTON.

Carlisle—Wednesday, October 7th.

BOYD WINCHESTER.

Winchester—October 10th.

B. B. WILHOIT.

Greenup—October 5th.
Owingsville—October 12th.
Ashland—October 13th.
Vanceburg—October 19th.
Maysville—October 20th.
Flemingsburg—October 21st.

Loose clothes and downy cushions bring only a negative sort of comfort to the woman who is suffering with some disease or derangement of the organs distintly feminine. Some clothes and some positions make the pain and discomfort seem less. Perhaps the nerves are most affected and this in turn disturbs the digestion. Nothing will ever completely relieve but a radical cure. The start of so-called "female complaints" may be a very slight thing indeed. It may be that in the beginning some small hygienic measures would stop the trouble. Certainly at this time a little bit of the right medicine would stop it. When the trouble becomes worse, it is harder to cure, but still it can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will postively cure any trouble of this character. It may be absolutely relied upon. It affords lasting relief to a woman whose natural modesty has kept her from consulting a physician.

Send 21 cents in one-cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's 1008 page "Common Sense Medical Adviser," profusely illustrated.

FREE ADVERTISING.

No Charge! *Advertisements under the heading of "Help Wanted," "Situations Wanted," "Lost," "Found," &c., of an acceptable nature, and not to exceed three lines, on this page, are FREE to all.*

No Business Advertisements inserted without pay.

If answers fail to come the first time, we invite as many repetitions as are necessary to secure what you advertise for. We wish the advertisers to feel that they are not imposing on us by using our free columns.

Advertisements can be left at our office or sent through the mail to

THE PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY,
No. 10 E. Third Street.

WANTED.

WANTED—To loan on improved real estate, $1,000 for 5½ years at guaranteed net cost of only $310, or for 10 years at $495, and other sums in proportion. [oct25 1y] A. E. COLE & SON.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A small farm near Mayslick, Mason county, Ky., alongside the Maysville and Lexington pike. Good residence and outhouses on the farm. Apply to Joe Laytham, Mayslick, Ky., or to MARTIN MORRIS, Grant street, Maysville, Ky. sept23 10t*

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Monitor Range; splendid condition. Apply at this office. oct1 1w

FOR SALE—Guaranteed 8 per cent. bonds, running 10 years or less; coupons payable semi-annually at First National Bank of Maysville, Ky. oct25 1y A. E. COLE & SON.

LOST.

LOST—Tuesday morning, between the First Presbyterian Church and Fourth and Market streets, two Set Rings. Finder please return to this office and receive reward. oct1 1w

LOST—Wednesday evening, between C. and O. Depot and Parker's stable, Baby Ring with chain attached. Reward if returned to this office. sept26 1w

FOUND.

FOUND—An umbrella in the Masonic Temple. Owner can have same by calling at this office and proving property. sept25 1w

ALWAYS INSURE IN THE OLD

Phœnix!

of Hartford, Conn.

"Time Tried and Fire Tested."

Quick adjustments and prompt pay.

W. N. HOWE, Agent.
Office—No. 37 West Third street.

?

WHAT FAIR is now in its forty-second year, yet shows all the life and vitality of a two-year-old?

WHAT FAIR gives big premiums in all departments, not forgetting to provide even for a Children's Department?

WHAT FAIR recognizes that the end-of-the-century horse is the Bicycle and will have spirited bicycle contests for ladies and gentlemen?

WHAT FAIR has the finest grounds in the state, where the people can enjoy themselves as nowhere else?

WHAT FAIR has the best dinners and most generous hospitality in the world?

WHAT FAIR will have "Republican Day" on Friday and "Democratic Day" on Saturday, when famous orators will address the crowds?

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THE OLD RELIABLE

Germantown Fair

OCTOBER

7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 1896.

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FIRST NATIONAL

Bank of Joseph, Ore., Entered and Robbed by Three Men.

The Cashier and Customers Told to Throw Up Their Hands.

Two Thousand Dollars Taken From the Vault—As the Robbers Left the Bank Armed Citizens Opened Fire—One Killed and Another Wounded.

LA GRANDE, Ore., Oct. 3.—The First National bank, of Joseph, Wallowa county, was robbed of $2,000 by three men, one of whom is dead and another badly wounded, while the third is being pursued by a posse of citizens.

At the time of the hold-up there were four customers in the bank.

Cashier McCulley had occasion to go to the vault. When he came back and looked up he was confronted with a shotgun in the hands of a robber and told to throw up his hands. The customers had already complied with the request, and he did likewise.

One of the robbers leaped over the railing and opened a private door, through which the men were made to pass, and then lined up against the wall.

One robber took a position at the door and compelled all passers-by to halt and throw up their hands.

In the meantime the third robber had gone into the vault, taking all the coin and currency, even to nichels, and placed them in a sack. He then demanded from McCully the keys to the private boxes and ransacked them. By this time the report of the bank being robbed had reached the citizens, several of whom armed themselves and awaited the appearance of the robbers.

As the robbers made their exit from the bank, Alexander Donnelly, a young man, opened fire on them. He killed one robber instantly and wounded another, hitting him twice. The third robber had the sack containing the coin and succeeded in reaching his horse, which was standing near by.

He did not succeed in mounting his horse until he had dropped his gun, and then, getting on, went up over the hills toward Prairie creek, afterward turning toward Cornucopia.

The robber killed was named Brown, while the one who escaped was Cy Fitzhugh.

THE DARDANELLES,

The Formation of a Flotilla of Ten Torpedo Boats Ordered to Defend It.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 3.—An irade has been issued by the Porte ordering the formation of a flotilla of ten torpedo boats to defend the Dardanelles. This movement is in conformity with the advice of the Russian general, Tschikatcheff, commander of the district of Odessa, who some time in July last inspected the defense of the Dardanelles.

Letters received here from Kharput give terrible details of the massacre which recently occurred at Eugin, in the Kharput district, in which the letters alleges 2,000 persons were killed. The scenes, according to the letters, were similar to those of the former massacres in Anatolia.

A drunken Turkish officer swaggered through the streets of Galata on September 30, brandishing his sword and showering foul abuse upon Armenians, everyone of whom, he declared, ought to be killed. He was finally disarmed by the military and taken to his barracks.

THE NEW COLT

Machine Gun Will be Used Exclusively on the Warships for That Class of Ordnance.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—As a result of the final test of machine guns which has been in progress at the Washington navy yard this week, the new Colt will hereafter be used exclusively on the warships for this class of ordnance, thus confirming the decision reached by the chief of ordnance last December. The latest test was due to an appeal made for the Maxim and Hotchkiss guns after the former trial. The Colt fired 400 shots in 53 seconds and subsequently discharged 2,111 consecutive rounds before, overheating. While the rival guns were credited with higher rates for shorter periods they could not be kept in order for long periods. The navy will at once order 50 of the new weapons.

Fatal Railway Collision.

OTTUMWA, Ia., Oct., 3.—One man, Harry Moore, was killed. Supt. C. M. Levy's private car turned over and a number of passengers of Chicago, Burlington and Quincy train No. 2 shaken up early Friday morning at Krum, a station east of Ottumwa. The passenger train was backing up and crashed into a freight standing on a siding. Moore was a flagman who had been in the service of the company for years.

State Senator's Wife Kills Herself.

PT. PLEASANT, W. Va., Oct. 3.—While Senator Wiley was attending the Bryan meeting his wife committed suicide by cutting her throat. Her mind had been affected for some time. She sent her nurse to get her a glass of water, and while the young woman was gone she took her life.

Carlisle Declines to Divide Time With Blackburn.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—Secretary Carlisle has formally declined the invitation to divide time with Senator Blackburn in any speech he may deliver in Kentucky during the pending campaign.

Big Jump in Oil.

NEW YORK., Oct. 3.—There was a big jump in the price of Standard oil in the outside market. Thursday the stock sold at 233, but Friday transactions were made at 242. The quotations at the close was 242 bid.

Receiver for a Railroad.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 3.—Justice McLennan ordered a receiver for the Odgensburg & Lake Champlain railroad Friday afternoon. The attorneys are to consult as to who shall be appointed.

THE SOCIALISTS

Indignant Over the Extensive Preparations Made for the Reception of the Czar.

PARIS, Oct. 3.—The socialists of this city are indignant at the extensive preparations that are being made for the reception of the czar. Friday the dead walls and other places were decorated with flaming red bills signed by the Socialists Baudin, Vaillant and Walter, all members of the chamber of deputies, and others prominent in the party, denouncing the tyranny of the ruler of Russia. As soon as the police learned of the bills men were detailed to go about the city and destroy them.

The Parisians generally are greatly incensed at the action of the socialists.

The city is rapidly filling with visitors.

It will soon be impossible for late comers to find accommodations. The enthusiasm of the French people over the visit of the czar has seldom been equaled even by this enthusiastic people.

SIXTY STUDENTS

Poisoned From Eating Tainted Fish—Fifteen Seriously Ill.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 3.—Fifteen students and Dr. M. F. J. Albrecht, a professor of Concordia college are hovering between life and death as the result of eating tainted fish Tuesday night. There were 60 students who were made ill, but all but 15 are in a fair way to recover.

Concordia college is a Lutheran institution, and has upwards of 200 students from all portions of the west and northwest.

An attempt was made to get the names of those who were poisoned, but the authorities of the college would not divulge them, as they said it would only cause unnecessary alarm.

Dr. D. J. Hayes, the physician of the college, said that the condition of Albrecht and 15 of the students was serious, but that he had hopes that they would ultimately recover.

A $5,000,000 FIRE.

Two-Thirds of the Town of Jacmel, Jamaica, Destroyed.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The steamer Andes, which arrived Friday afternoon from Jamaican ports, brings news of the great fire which destroyed two-thirds of the town of Jacmel, on September 19, 20 and 21. At 10 o'clock in the morning the alarm of fire was given and every effort was made at once to have it extinguished. The fire originated on the hill near the Cathedral and completely destroyed that edifice The flames burned seaward and burned all the houses and stores between the hill and the sea. No water could be obtained at any time during the fire, which raged from Saturday morning until Tuesday night, when the Andes left. On that night the fire was still smouldering. The loss sustained is estimated at $5,000,000. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

MINING TOWN

In Arizona Almost Entirely Washed Away by a Cloudburst.

TUCSON, Ariz., Oct. 3.—A report has just been received here that the mining town of Bisbee, Ariz., containing 2,500 inhabitants, has been almost entirely washed out by a cloudburst. The telegraph wires are down and the report can not be verified, but a serious disaster is feared as the town is located in a narrow canyon, which offers little chance of escape from floods.

Further meager reports from Benson confirm the death of Mrs. Ashburn and her children, Mrs. Zok and her two boys and four Mexicans. The wires are still down and the railway tracks are washed out in many places. The property loss will be heavy.

Coinage for September.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—The monthly statement of the director of the mint shows the total coinage at the U. S. mints during the month of September, 1896, to have been $5,915,363.50, which is divided as follows: Gold, $3,104,922.50; silver, $2,754,165; minor coins, $20,226. Of the silver coined, $2,700,100 was in standard dollars.

The President's Regrets.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., Oct. 3.—The president received a detailed statement from Washington of the damage inflicted by the hurricane upon the white house and surrounding grounds. Both the president and Mrs. Cleveland express their regret that the historic building should have felt the force of the storm so severely.

To Meet the Czar and Czarina.

PARIS, Oct. 3.—The presidents of the senate and the chamber of deputies respectively, M. M. Challemel-Lacour and Brisson, will go to Cherbourg to meet the czar and czarina with their suites, who are expected to arrive there on Monday, October 5, and proceed to Paris, arriving here Tuesday morning, October 6.

Held Up His Grandfather.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa, Oct. 3.—George Bowers, a young desperado of Jersey Shore, near this city, entered the home of his grandfather and held the old man up in true Jesse James style. After robbing him Bowers made his escape, but was captured at Jersey Shore while calling on his girl. He is jailed here.

Iowa Miners Strike.

OTTUMWA, Ia., Oct. 3.—A thousand miners in the Appanoose district are out on a strike against a reduction of five cents for mining coal and a general restlessness among the miners at most Iowa mines causes a fear among operators that the strike may become general.

Coal Coming Down the River.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 3.—One hundred and sixty-one barges and coal boats left here Thursday, taking at least 2,500,000 bushels of coal about equally divided as to destination between Cincinnati and Louisville. A run fully as large left here Friday.

Silk Mills Burned.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Oct. 3.—The silk mill at Sterling, six miles from this city, owned by H. A. Strouli, of New York, was burned Friday morning. Loss $200,000; partly covered by insurance.

IN FLORIDA.

Further Intelligence of the Great Hurricane Tuesday.

The Property Damaged in the State Will Foot Up a Million Dollars.

Fully One Hundred Lives Were Lost and Perhaps Ten Thousand People Were Rendered Homeless—Fire Broke Out at Cedar Keys.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Oct. 3.—The West India hurricane struck Florida Tuesday and though it lasted but three hours at each point visited, was the most disastrous storm experienced in Florida. The damage to property in the state alone will foot up a million dollars. Fully a hundred lives were lost and perhaps 10,000 people were rendered homeless. The course of the storm was from Cedar Keys on the gulf coast, north by northeast to and through the thriving town of Lake City. Through a path fifty miles wide, few houses were left standing, the wind at times blowing at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, averaging 80. In this city, distant from storm center fully fifty miles, the wind for a minute blew one hundred miles an hour and for five minutes seventy miles an hour. In Jacksonville scores of buildings were unroofed and trees blown down. The storm had the characteristics of a tornado. It skipped some places in its path, bounding over to others where ruin was wrought. Cedar Keys was exposed to the full force of its fury. There a score of fishermen on the sponge banks were drowned and their vessels were wrecked. A tidal wave visited the town and inundated it. During the tidal wave a fire broke out and an unusual spectacle was witnessed of firemen fighting flames almost shoulder deep in water. Four miles of trestling of the Florida Central and Peninsular railroad, entering the town was wrecked. Lake City had almost every tree in town blown down, and for two days the streets were impassable. Two people were killed—a prominent lady, Mrs. Frazier, and a Negro boy. Here many houses were razed, while roofs of others went whirling through the air. Lake City is in Columbia county, which has great lumber interests. Half the yellow pine timber was blown down and lumber and turpentine men lost thousands of dollars, as the lumber is badly splintered and will soon be attacked by worms.

In Baker county, which adjoins Columbia, not a score of houses out of a thousand were left standing. Grain stored in barns was blown away or destroyed by rain, crops in the fields, including cotton, were destroyed and thousands of cattle were killed. The immense lumber mill of Eppinger & Russell, at Olustee, was destroyed, including stores and residences, and many people were hurt, though none were killed, the reason being that they sough refuge in a deep ditch traversing the town.

At MacClenny, in the same county, the same tale might be told.

Sanderson, a few miles distant, was almost wiped out. All of the men employed in the turpentine farms and lumber mills are not only homeless but without food and a famine there is impending.

The prominent citizens of each of these towns have organized relief committees, and have issued appeals to the public for aid.

Hilliards, in Duval county, was also devastated and people killed and wounded by falling of houses upon them. Each of these has issued an appeal for aid.

The storm did not touch the orange belt of Florida, but confined itself to the middle section, where the chief industries are lumber, turpentine, cotton raising and general farming. Coming as the storm did, just after harvesting the people rendered homeless and without food will be a charge upon charity for fully six months.

DREARY STORY

Of Devastation by the Storm in the Suwanee River Country.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Oct. 3.—A letter from Gainesville, Fla., dated October 1, says:

B. F. Hampton and Maginnis, who have just returned from the Suwanee river country tell a dreary story of the devastation there. Fully 90 per cent. of the timber is down and 50 per cent. of the residences and farm buildings have been destroyed. The damage does not stop there. In Lafayette county the valuable cedar forests are lost. Stock has been killed by hundreds. All crops have been destroyed. Hundreds of people are in distress, no home and nothing to eat.

Gen. Finley for Vice President.

COLUMBUS, O, Oct. 3.—A plan is on foot here to have Gen. E. B. Finley, of Bucyrus, O., put on the national ticket for vice president in case both Sewall and Watson retire, as it is said they are likely to do. Finley has always been a free silver advocate and was one of the delegates at large to the late Chicago convention. He has been a member of congress, and under Gov. Hoadly was adjutant general of the state.

Baltimore Wins the First Game.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 3.—The first of the Temple Cup series of 1896 was played at Union park Friday afternoon, and after a remarkable brilliant exhibition, placed to the credit of the champions by a score of 7 to 1.

Attorney General Harmon Leaves for Cincinnati.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—Attorney General Harmon left here for Cincinnati. He attends Saturday night a banquet to be given in honor of Associate Justice Harlan, of the supreme court.

Wholesale Clothing Dealers Fail.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—Lesser Bros., wholesale dealers in clothing, failed Friday with liabilities estimated at $150,000. The firm stood well and was reported to have a capital of $150,000.

KENTUCKY NEWS.

The Latest News From All Parts of the Commonwealth.

LOUISVILLE RACES.

Henry S. Barker Won Three Straight Heats From a High Class Field.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 2.—The second day of the fall meeting of the Louisville Fair and Driving association furnished some good sport for the 2,000 people in attendance. The feature of the day was the victory of Henry S. Barker, who won three straight heats from a high class field, including Jack Dawson, Penny and Nellie Clark.

The meeting will be extended to Monday and there will be three races on that day. Summaries:

First race, 2:27 class, trotting; purse, $800. Rosa L won; Roleson second; Lena Watson third. Best time 2:19.

Second race, 2:25 class, pacing; Kentucky stakes $800.

Bright Light won; Planet second; Arthur W. third. Best time 2:11¾.

Third race, 2:21 class, trotting; purse $800.

Henry S. Barker won; Gentle Annie second; Woodford C. third. Best time 2:17¼.

Fourth race, 2:14 class, pacing; purse $800.

Daisy Wilson won; Nell Randall second; Eastern Belle third. Best time 2:12¼.

Fifth race, 2:20 class, trotting; Indiana stakes. Vipsania won; Margaret A., second; King Red, third. Best time 2:17½.

Sixth race, 2:25 class, trotting; Railroad stakes, $1,000. San Mateo, won; Red Star, second; Nancy L., third. Best time 2:17.

HALF DEAD

The Female Whitecaps Left Mrs. Holbrook at Her Gate.

SARGENT, Ky., Oct. 3.—Mrs. Betty Holbrook, aged 42 years, was awakened Thursday night by cries at her gate and on going out to see what was the matter was seized by three women, who carried hickory switches, and begun at once to belabor her with them. Her young son, missing her, gave the alarm, and a search resulted in finding her half dead some distance from the house. Her condition is regarded as serious, but it is thought she will recover. Mrs. Holbrook was not able to recognize her assailants.

County Clerk's Suit.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Oct. 3.—County Clerk Wilson, of Kenton county, will file an agreed suit in the Franklin circuit court Saturday against Auditor Stone involving the amount of fees said clerk is entitled to receive. Mr. Wilson's attorneys will claim that the law is unconstitutional, which says that the clerk of a county having over 40,000 inhabitants and under 75,000 shall receive but $3,000 in fees, exclusive of the hire of his assistants, because it is local or class legislation. The case will be carried to the court of appeals as speedily as possible.

Father Dead, Daughter Will Die.

GREENWOOD, Ky., Oct. 3.—Friday evening Jake Minton's house at Upland, near here, caught fire and was burned to the ground in 25 minutes. Mrs. Minton's father, an old man about eighty years old, was burned to death before he could be got out. Mrs. Jake Minton was severely burned in trying to save him, and will die. They lost everything. The fire is supposed to have originated from a defective flue.

More Toll Gates Wrecked.

HARRISBURG, Ky., Oct. 3.—Fifty armed men destroyed four more toll gates in this county. A large number of citizens were examined here Friday morning concerning the outrages, but as it was in private it is not known whether any criminating evidence against any one was brought out or not A large reward will be offered for the arrest of the raiders.

No Nomination.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 3.—The Seventh district free silver democratic congressional convention adjourned sine die at Frankfort Friday morning without making a nomination. A resolution was adopted providing for a primary on October 17, as the candidates, Bronston, Settle and Carroll, would not agree on any compromise.

Midland Railroad Ordered Sold.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Oct. 3.—The Kentucky Midland railway, which has been in the hands of a receiver for several years, was Friday ordered sold January 4. The upset price fixed by Special Judge Major was $150,000, a great fall, as the former order of sale fixed the lowest acceptable bid at $320,000.

Her Burns Proved Fatal.

COVINGTON, Ky., Oct. 3.—Mrs. C. A. Bryan, of Covington, who was burned at the Latonia hotel Wednesday morning, her dress catching fire from a grate, died Friday morning. Mrs. Bryan formerly lived at Florence, Ky., but in recent years boarded at the Latonia hotel.

New Trial Granted.

DANVILLE, Ky., Oct. 3.—The court Friday morning set aside the verdict awarding Mrs. Jennie Shumaker $15,000 damages against the Louisville and Nashville railroad for causing the death of her husband. The case will come up for trial again in January.

Stock Yards Burned.

PADUCAH, Ky., Oct. 3.—Barnhill's stock yards burned Friday night, proving a total loss. Two horses, three mules and several cows and hogs were burned to death.

Fatal Fall From a Wagon.

HARRODSBURG, Ky., Oct. 3.—John Cravens, a farmer of Marion county, fell from a load of logs and was found dying in the road a short time afterward.

Died on the Way to Church.

ROCK HOUSE, Ky., Oct. 3.—Mary Cress, a 14-year-old girl, dropped dead while eating an apple at the house of a neighbor while on her way to church.

Found Dead in Bed.

RICHMOND, Ky., Oct. 3.—Mrs. Mary Fife, of this county, aged 93 years, was found dead in her bed Friday morning.

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William Kirwin — Stage Manager.
John McCarthy — Doorkeeper.

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MAYSVILLE, : : KENTUCKY.

BROUGHT TO THE TAXIDERMIST.

Things Familiar and Curious in Great Variety and from All Parts.

There are brought to the taxidermist, to be mounted, birds and animals and other things in a great variety. A boy may find in the woods a turtle that catches his fancy; he takes it to the taxidermist, gets it mounted, and puts it in his cabinet. Sometimes turtles are mounted for paper weights. Horses' hoofs to be mounted are brought in by horsemen. A woman whose pet horse died had one of its hoofs mounted with silver bands for use as a paper weight. Bears' paws are often mounted as letter weights. The hunter may have shot a bear at a season when its fur is poor and its skin is not worth mounting as a rug or as an animal, but the paws are all right, and he has them mounted and keeps one for himself and gives the rest to his friends. More birds than animals are brought to be mounted, and the birds most commonly brought are highholders, robins, blue jays and hawks. Among animals the most common is the squirrel. A boy who shoots a fine squirrel with a nice tail likes to get it mounted, sitting up holding a nut in its paws. Fox tails captured in the chase are brought to the taxidermist, and so are fox heads.

Many pet dogs and cats and monkeys and canaries are brought to be mounted. Often, when it dies, the hunter has his favorite hunting dog mounted in an attitude peculiar to it; if a pointer, for instance, pointing. Other dogs, ratters, or fighters that may have been remarkable, are brought in to be mounted. Not infrequently small alligators are brought to the taxidermist, and sometimes larger ones. Awhile ago a business man of this city requested a friend who was going to Florida to send him a little alligator; visitors often bring or send north little alligators of a foot or less in length. The friend bought the biggest alligator he could find in Florida; weight, about a ton, and length, 14 feet, and sent that north. In the course of time it died, and then its owner sent it to the taxidermist, had it mounted, and suspended it from the ceiling of his store.

There was brought to the taxidermist recently, for a social club in whose title the word lobster appears, a lobster weighing 22 pounds. To the same taxidermist there was once brought a lobster weighing 32 pounds. Many fishes are brought to the taxidermist; trout, black bass, muskalonge, tarpon, and many others, large and small, of both fresh and salt water. There was lately brought to a New York taxidermist a striped bass weighing 45 pounds. Usually the smaller fishes are mounted entire; of the big fishes generally but half the fish is mounted. In the hunting season the taxidermist receives many specimens to be mounted, including a wide variety of game and game heads from many regions. Many hunters have horns mounted in the usual manner, or perhaps, for a hat rack or some article of furniture. Horns have been mounted as candelabra. Hunters often have skins mounted as rugs.

Sea captains bring to the taxidermist to be mounted, for themselves, or perhaps to give away to their friends, strange and curious things from all parts of the world, including sea birds and tropical birds.—N. Y. Sun.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

A Knowledge of Domestic Work the Most Essential.

Whether or not a girl should have a college education is a question that has agitated very many able minds.

It would seem, after a careful survey of the situation, that this question is less important than whether she should have a sensible, practical knowledge of home life. Whatever may be a woman's surroundings, the ability to order and control the affairs of a household is of prime importance. In fact, it may be said to be an indispensable accessory to womanliness. It matters not whether she may be forced to preside over a household, the ability to do it is something to be proud of. It ought to be taken for granted that a woman should know something about the household. But, above all, she should, from her earliest childhood, be able to handle her needle skilfully.

A girl should be taught to sew as soon as she is taught to read, and never ought to consider herself reasonably equipped for life until she is able to repair her own clothing and make the dainty little fixings that are, or should be, the delight of the feminine heart! Every child can learn this, and the parent or guardian who does not insist upon it is making a very great mistake.

Many a woman has found the happiness of her future turning upon the question as to whether she was capable of looking after the house and her own wardrobe. Many a man has hesitated about uniting himself for life to a woman who could only smile and look pretty, and enjoy being made love to. This is a good part of love's young dream, but in many cases it is not fast colors and will fade out under the trials and tribulations of life. Attractions that are based on practical qualities are like buildings with solid and substantial foundations, and are much more likely to be lasting than those that have only beauty and sweetness to recommend them.—N. Y. Ledger.

Sagacity of Birds for Work.

Birds are able to work at a higher rate than any other animal—that is, they can develop more energy in proportion to their weight by working at a higher temperature, and this necessitates a warm coating of feathers as a protection from the cold atmosphere.—Chicago Tribune.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Noted Preacher Eulogizes a Precious But Humble Stone.

Hark to the Choirs in White When the Gates of Carbuncle Are Passed and the Weary Soul Sinks to Its Eternal Rest.

The subject of Talmage's sermon Sunday was, "Gates of Carbuncle," the text being, Isa., liv. 12, "And I will make thy windows of agates and thy gates of carbuncles."

Perhaps because a human disease of most painful and ofttimes fatal character is named after it, the church and the world have never done justice to that intense and all-suggestive precious stone, the carbuncle. The pearl that Christ picked up to illustrate his sermon, and the jasper and the sapphire and the amethyst which the apocalyptic vision masoned into the wall of Heaven have had proper recognition, but this, in all the ages, is the first sermon on the carbuncle.

This precious stone is found in the East Indies, in color an immense scarlet, and held up between your eye and the sun it is a burning coal. The poet puts it into rhythm as he writes:

"Like to the burning coals whence comes its name,
Among the Greeks as Anthrax known to fame."

God sets it high up in Bible crystallography. He cuts it with a divine chisel, shapes it with a precise geometry, and kindles its fires into an almost supernatural flame of beauty. Its laws of symmetry, its law of zone, its law of parallelism, is something to excite the amazement of the scientist, chime the cantos of the poet, and arouse the adoration of the Christian. No one but the infinite God could fashion a carbuncle as large as your thumb nail, and as if to make all ages appreciate this precious stone He ordered it set in the first row of the high priest's breast plate in olden time and higher up than the onyx and the emerald and the diamond, and in Ezekiel's prophecies concerning the splendors of the Tyrian court, the carbuncle is mentioned, the brilliancies of the walls and of the tessellated floors suggested by the Bible sentence, "Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire!" But in my text it is not a solitary specimen that I hand you, as the keeper of a museum might take down from the shelf a precious stone and allow you to examine it. Nor is it the panel of a door that you might stand and study for its unique carvings or bronzed traceries, but there is a whole gate of it lifted before our admiring and astonished vision, aye! two gates of it, aye! many gates of it: "I will make thy gates of carbuncles." What gates? Gates of the church. Gates of anything worth possessing. Gates of successful enterprise. Gates of salvation. Gates of national achievement. Isaiah, who wrote this text, wrote also all that about Christ "as the Lamb to the slaughter," and spoke of Christ as saying, "I have trod the winepress alone," and wrote, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" And do you think that Isaiah in my text merely happened to represent the gates as red gates, as carmine gates, as gates of carbuncle? No. He means that it is through atonement, through blood-red struggle, through agonies we get into anything worth getting into. Heaven's gates may as well be made of pearl, a bright, pellucid, cheerful crystallization, because all the struggles are over, and there is beyond those gates nothing but raptures and cantata and triumphal procession and everlasting holiday and kiss of reunion, and so the 12 gates are 12 pearls, and could be nothing else than pearls. But Christ hoisted the gates of pardon in His own blood, and the marks of eight fingers and two thumbs are on each gate, and as He lifted the gate it leaned against His forehead and took from it a crimson impress, and all those gates are deeply dyed, and Isaiah was right when he spoke of those gates as gates of carbuncle.

What an odd thing it is, think some, this idea of vicarious suffering or suffering for others! Not at all. The world has seen vicarious suffering millions of times before Christ came and demonstrated it on a scale that eclipsed all that went before and all that shall come after. Rachel lived only long enough after the birth of her son to give him a name. In faint whisper she said: "Call him Ben-oni," which means "son of my pain," and all modern travelers on the road from Jerusalem to Bethel uncover their heads and stand reverently at the tomb of Rachel who died for her boy. But in all ages how many mothers die for their children, who by recreancy stab clear through the mother's heart! Suffering for others? Why, the world is full of it. "Jump!" said the engineer to the fireman on the locomotive. "One of us is enough to die. Jump!" And so the engineer died at his post, trying to save the train. When this summer the two trains crashed into each other near Atlantic City, among the 47 who lost their lives the engineer was found dead with one hand on the throttle of the locomotive and the other on the brake. Aye! there are hundreds here to-day suffering for others. You know and God knows that it is vicarious sacrifice. But on one limestone hill about twice the height of this church, five minutes' walk from the gates of Jerusalem, was the sublimest case of suffering for others that the world ever saw or ever will see. Christ, the victim, human and satanic malevolence the executioner, the whole human race having an overwhelming interest in the spectacle. To open a way for us sinful men and sinful women into glorious pardon and high hope and eternal exultation, Christ, with hand dripping with the rush of opened arteries, swung back the gate, and behold! it is a red gate, a gate of deepest hue, a gate of carbuncle.

What is true in spirituals is true in temporals. There are young men and older men who hope, through the right settlement of this acrid controversy between silver and gold, or the bimetallic quarrel, that it will become easy to make a living. That time will never come. It never has been easy to make a living. The men who have it very easy now went through hardships and self-denials to which most young men would never consent. Unless they got it by inheritance, you can not mention 20 men who have come to honorable fortune that did not fight their way inch by inch, and against fearful odds that again and again almost destroyed them. For some good reason God has arranged it for all the centuries that the only way for most people to get a livelihood for themselves and their families is with both hands and all the allied forces of body, mind and soul to push back and push open the red gate, the gate of carbuncle. For the benefit of all young men, if I had the time, I would call the roll of those who overcame the obstacle. How many of the mighty men who went one way on Pennsylvania avenue and reached the United States senate, or walked the other way on Pennsylvania avenue and reached the white house, did not have to climb over political obloquy? Not one. How much scorn and scoff and brutal attack did Horace Mann endure between the time when he first began to fight for a better common school system in Massachusetts, and the day when a statue in honor of him was placed on the steps of the state house overlooking "The Commons."

Read the biography of Robert Hall, the Baptist preacher, who, though he had been pronounced a dunce at school, lived to thrill the world with his Christian eloquence; and of George Peabody, who never owned a carriage and denied himself all luxuries that he might while living and after death, through his last will and testament, devote his uncounted millions to the education of the poor people in England and America; and of Bishop James, who, in boyhood, worked his passage from Ireland to America, and became the joy of Methodism and a blessing to the race. Go to the biographical alcove in city, state or national library, and find at least every other book an illustration of overcome obstacle and of carmine gate that had to be forced open.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. Was it a mild spring morning when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, and did they come in a gilded yacht, gay streamers flying? No. It was in cold December, and from a ship in which one would not want to cross the Hudson or Potomac river. Scalping knives already to receive them, they landed, their only welcome the Indian war whoop. Red men on the beach. Red men in the forest. Red men on the mountains. Red men in the valleys. Living gates of red men. Gates of carbucle!

Aboriginal hostility pushed back, surely now our forefathers will have nothing to do but to take easy possession of the fairest continent under the sun. The skies so genial, the soil so fertile, the rivers so populous with finny life, the acreage so immense, there will be nothing to do but eat, drink and be merry. No. The most powerful nation, by army and navy, sounded its protest across 3,000 miles of water. Then came Lexington and Bunker Hill, and Monmouth and Long Island battles, and Valley Forge and Yorktown, and starvation and widowhood and orphanage, and the thirteen colonies went through sufferings which the historian has attempted to put upon paper and the artist to put upon canvas, but all in vain. Engraver's knife, and reporter's skill, and telegraphic wire, and daily press, which have made us acquainted with the horrors of modern battle-field, had not yet begun their vigilance, and the story of the American revolution has never been told, and never will be told. It did not take much ink to sign the Declaration of Independence, but it took a terrific amount of blood to maintain it. It was an awful gate of opposition that the men and women—and the women as much as the men—pushed back. It was a gate of self-sacrifice. It was a gate of blood. It was a gate of carbuncle.

We are not indebted to history for our knowledge of the greatest of national crisis. Many of us remember it, and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children, so that instead of their being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say, "On such a page of such a book you can read that," will they rather be able to say, "My father told me so!" "My mother told me so!" Men and women who vividly remember 1861, and 1862, and 1863, and 1864, be yourselves the historians telling it, not with pen, but with living tongue and voice and gesture. That is the great use of Memorial Decoration day, for the calla lilies on the grave tops soon become breathless of perfume, and in a week turn to dust like unto that which lies beneath them. But the story of courage and self-sacrifice and patriotism told on platforms and in households and by the roadside and in churches and in cemeteries, by that annual recital will be kept fresh in memory of generations as long as our American institutions are worthy of preservation. Long after you are dead your children will be able to say, with the psalmist, "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the time of old." But what a time it was! Four years of homesickness! Four years of brotherly and sisterly estrangement! Four years of martyrdom! Four years of massacre! Put them in a long line, the conflagration of cities, and see them light up a whole continent! Put them in long rows, the hospitals, making a vast metropolis of pain and paroxysm! Gather them in one vast assemblage, the millions of bereft from the St. Lawrence to the gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific beaches! Put the tears into lakes and the blood into rivers, and the shrieks into whirl winds. During the four years many good and wise men at the north, and the south saw nothing ahead but annihilation. With such a national debt we could never meet our obligations! With such mortal antipathies northern and southern men could never come into amity! Representatives of Louisiana and Georgia and the Carolinas could never again sit sides by side with the representatives of Maine, Massachusetts and New York at the national capital. Lord John Russell had declared that we were "a bubble-bursting nationality," and it had come true. The nations of Europe had gathered with very resigned spirits at the funeral of our American republic. They had tolled the bells on parliaments and reichstags and lowered their flags at half-mast, and even the lion on the other side of the sea had whined for the dead eagle on this side. The deep grave had been dug, and beside Babylon, and Thebes, and Tyre, and other dead nations of the past our dead republic was to be buried. The epitaph was already: "Here lies the American republic. Born at Philadelphia, 4th of July, 1776. Killed at Bull Run July 21, 1861. Aged 85 years and 17 days. Peace to its ashes." But before the obsequies had quite closed there was an interruption of the ceremonies, and our dead nation rose from its mortuary surroundings. God had made for it a special Ressurrection Day, and cried: "Come forth, thou Republic of Washington, and John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and John Hancock, and Daniel Webster, and S. S. Prentiss and Henry Clay. Come forth!" and she came forth, to be stronger than she had ever been. Her mightiest prosperities have come since that time. Who would want to push back this country to what it was in 1860 or 1850? But, oh! what a high gate, what a strong gate, she had to push back before she could make one step in advance! Gate of flame. See Norfolk navy yard, and Columbia, and Chambersburg, and Charleston, on fire! Gate of bayonets! See glittering rifles and carbines flash from the Susquehanna, and the James, to the Mississippi, and the Arkansas! Gate of heavy artillery, making the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky and Virginia tremble as though the earth itself were struggling in its last agony. The gate was so fiery and so red that I can think of nothing more appropriate than to take the suggestion of Isaiah in the text and call it a gate of carbuncles.

This country has been for the most part of its history prssing through crises, and after each crisis was better off than before it entered it, and now we are at another crisis. We are told on one hand that if gold is kept as a standard, and silver is not elevated, confidence will be restored and this nation will rise triumphant from all the financial misfortunes that have been afflicting us. On the other hand, we are told that if the free coinage of silver is allowed, all the wheels of business will revolve, the poor man will have a better chance, and all our industries will begin to hum and roar. During the last si presidential elections I have been urge to enter the political arena, but I never have and never will turn the pulpit in which I preach into a political stump. Every minister must do as he feels called to do, and I will not criticise him for doing what he considers his duty; but all the political harangues from pulpits from now until the 3d of November will not in all the United States change one vote, but will leave many ears stopped against anything that such clargymen may utter the rest of their lives. As a general rule the laymen of churches understand politics better than the clergy, because they (the laymen) study politics more than the clergy and have better opportunity of being intelligent on those subjects. But good morals, honesty, loyalty, Christian patriotism and the Ten Commandments—these we must preach. God says distinctly in the Bible, "The silver and the gold are mine," and he will settle the controversy between those two metals. If ever this country needed the Divine rescue, it needs it now. Never within my memory have so many people literally starved to death as in the past few months. Have you noticed in the newspapers how many men and women here and there have been found dead, the post-mortem examination stating that the cause of death was hunger? There is not a day that we do not hear the crash of some great commercial establishment, and as a consequence many people are thrown out of employment. Among what we considered comfortable homes have come privation and close calculation and economy that kills. Millions of people who say nothing about it are at this moment at their wits' end. There are millions of people who do not want charity, but want work. The cry has gone up to the ears of the "Lord of Sabbaoth," and the prayer will be heard and relief will come. If we have anything better to depend on than American politics, relief will never come. Whoever is elected to the presidency the wheels of government turn so slowly, and a caucus in yonder white building on the hill may tie the hands of any president. Now, though we who live in the District of Columbia can not vote, we can pray, and my prayer day and night shall be, "O, God, hear the cry of the souls from under the altar. Thou who hast brought the wheat and corn of this season to such magnitude of supply, give food to man and beast. Thou who hast not where to lay Thy head, pity the shelterless. Thou who has brought to perfection the cotton of the south and the flax of the north, clothe the naked. Thou who hast filled the mine with coal, give fuel to the shivering. Bring bread to the body, intelligence to the mind and salvation to the soul of all the people. God save the nation!"

But we must admit it is a hard gate to push back. Millions of thin hands have pushed at it without making it swing on its hard hinges. It is a gate made out of empty flour barrels, and cold grates: and worn-out apparel, and cheerless homes, and unmedicated sickness, and ghastliness, and horror. It is a gate of struggle. A gate of penury. A gate of want.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for October 4, 1896—Solomon Anointed King—1 Kings 1:28-39.

[Arranged from Peloubet's Notes.]

Golden Text.—Keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in His ways.—1 Kings 2:3.

The Section includes 1 Kings 1 to 3:3; 1 Chronicles 28 and 29; and Psalm 45, describing the marriage, probably of Solomon, with a foreign princess; and Psalm 72, a psalm of Solomon expressing his ideal of the kingdom. Both psalms have a typical outlook to the Messiah and His kingdom.

Time.—Solomon became sole king in B. C. 1015, having first reigned six months in conjunction with his father.

Place.—His capital was at Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

Three influences brought Solomon to the throne. (1) His inheritance as the son of David. (2) His fitness for the place and the work, while the other heirs, "such men as Amnon, Absalom and Adonijah—men of fierce passions and haughty temperament—would be singularly unfitted to carry out the peaceful and religious designs which David wished to bequeath to his successor."—Farrar. (3) His choice and adoption by the people.

David was growing old, and the infirmities of age were rapidly growing upon him. "He was not much more than 70, and in modern times many men at that age are full of vigor. But the Jews at this period rarely outlived the three score and ten of man's allotted time. Indeed Solomon and Manasseh were the only kings of Judah who survived the age of 60."—Farrar. The question of his successor must have been in everyone's thoughts.

Adonijah, the son of Haggith, who had been born to David at Hebron, and was thus a man of between 30 and 40, had become, by the death of Absalom, the heir to the throne, if the succession were determined by strict descent. Like his elder half-brother, he was famous at once for his manly beauty and by showing no fitness for the throne, intellectually or otherwise.

Taking advantage of David's increased feebleness (1 King 1:1), he resolved to make himself king. When Adonijah thought his project ripe he invited his adherents, with all the king's sons (except Solomon), who seem to have shared his jealousy, to a great banquet at the rock of Zoheleth near Enrogel, a fountain close to Jerusalem on the southeast, "in the royal garden," according to Josephus, and probably near Siloam. Here, amid the mirth of the festival the cry was raised: "Long live King Adonijah." Joab, the mighty warrior, and Abiathar, one of the high priests, were among the abettors.

But Solomon had been previously, perhaps secretly, selected by David as his most fitting successor. Nathan, the prophet, learning of the proceedings of Adonijah, immediately set to work to defeat the plan. He informed Bathsheba of what was going on, and she went to David and told him; while she was yet speaking Nathan himself came in and confirmed her report.

28. "Then King David said, call me Bathsheba," who "had retired before Nathan entered, in accordance with oriental ideas of propriety. So when Bathsheba was again sent for (v. 28) Nathan retired (v 32.)"—Cook.

29. "And the king sware and said:" The king had no hesitation, but, with his old-time energy and rapidity, from his sickbed he issued his orders. "Hath redeemed my soul out of all distress:" The repeated deliverance out of straits and danger— "out of the hand of his enemies, and out of the hand of Saul," —was one of the most remarkable features of David's life, and it is no wonder that he repeatedly commemorates it, converting every adjuration into an act of thanksgiving.—Pulpit Commentary.

32. "Call me Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the son of Jehoida:" The order of names marks the position of the persons with respect to the matter in hand.

33. "The servants of your Lord:" The Cherethites and Pelethites, who formed the royal body-guard (see v. 38). Perhaps also the Gibborim, or "mighty men." "Cause Solomon . . . to ride upon mine own mule:" The Rabbins tell us that it was death to ride on the king's mule without permission; and thus it would be more evident to all that the proceedings with respect to Solomon had David's sanction. "Bring him down to Gihon:" Either the valley that ran from the Damascus gate between the temple hill and Mount Zion—called afterwards the Tyropoeum—or the valley west of Jerusalem.

34. "Anoint him there:" The anointing was the most solemn portion of the ceremonies connected with the installation of a new king. We only read of its being done on some very marked occasions. "Blow ye with the trumpet:" to proclaim to all the announcement that Solomon was king.

35. "That he may come:" up to Zion and the palace. "And sit upon my throne:" as David's partner and successor. He reigned about six months as coregent.

36. "Beniah:" the commander in chief of Solomon's army, in place of Joab. His father, Jeholada, was a chief priest. "Amen:" so let it be.

37. "Make his throne greater than the throne of my Lord King David:" Every wise father is glad to see his son do better than he himself has done. And doubly so when he thinks of the people and the cause, and not of himself.

Figs and Thistles.

It is always expensive to be wrong.

Closing the heart against men keeps God out.

The man who does well to-day may do better to-morrow.

The trouble about sowing wild oats is, that the same hand that sows must do the reaping.

The truth may be buried, but this world is too small to make a grave deep enough to hold it.

Are you doing anything for the Lord that your best friends don't know anything about?—Ram's Horn.

Fall

Medicine is fully as important and beneficial as Spring Medicine, and the best Fall Medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

A POPULAR FALLACY.

Fall in Temperature of Ocean Does Not Indicate Presence of Ice.

For many years an opinion existed among seamen and others that a fall in the sea-surface temperature implied nearness of ice. Nothing, says the Nautical Magazine, can be more remote from the truth, though shore folk still perpetuate this fiction in books and newspapers. A sudden fall in sea-surface temperature is likely near the Agulhas, the Japanese current, the gulf stream, while running the Easting down in the South Indian ocean, in the South Atlantic about 40 degrees south, 40 degrees west, and elsewhere; and this, whether icebergs be near or hundreds of miles away. Capt. S. T. S. Lecky, R. N. R., to whom the nautical profession is indebted for his "Wrinkles in Practical Navigation," was probably the first to draw the attention of his brethren to this fact. In the ninth edition of his book he points out that "allied to fog is the question of danger from ice. It is a popular delusion among passengers on board ship that, by taking the temperature of the water at short intervals, the approach to ice is unfailingly indicated. Unfortunately such is by no means the fact, and it is time the idea was exploded. More than ordinarily cold water merely shows that the ship is in a part of the ocean where ice may possibly be encountered, and not that it is actualy present." Shipmasters of repute freely confess, with Capt. Evans, of the Tainui, that they have "never found sea temperature fall lower when near ice than when several miles away" from the danger.

Death-Dealing Guns.

Quick-firing guns are more depended upon at the present day than extreme length of range, and in this respect what is considered the most wonderful of guns, perhaps, is one of the Maxims, which can fire as many as 600 shots a minute, and yet is so light that a soldier can carry it strapped to his back.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

"My boy, it is high time a check was placed on your performances." "Thank you, father. Please make it payable on sight."

WE have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERREL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

"WHAT shall I do with this article on the city drinking water?" said the Chicago editor's assistant. "Boil it down," was the reply.—Vogue.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

ADVICE is seldom welcome. Those who need it most take it least.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
is taken internally. Price 75c.

WHICH goes the quickest—a full minute or a spare moment?

JUST try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

A PEN may be driven, but the pencil does better when it is lead.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

There are great wonders in that land
That, waking, none has seen;
Its fields in richest red look grand,
Its skies are often green.

Its air is with aromas sweet,
The breath of scented pines;
And no one suffers cold or heat
Within its boundary lines.

Its orchards bear abundant store
Of fruit that's blemishless;
Its gardens, blooming evermore,
Are bowers of loveliness.

Its birds are fair to look upon,
And sing a blithesome song;
And there is pleasure to be won
By all, and all day long.

Who never visited that land,
Nor shared its rare delights,
Is not prepared to understand
What untold bliss he slights.
—A. S. Brendle. in Good Housekeeping.

BUZZELL'S ELUSIVE BEAR

Twice He Thought He Had It, But He Hasn't Seen It Yet.

Stripped His Best Apple Tree, Played with the Telegraph Wires, Scuttled Up a Chimney, and Its End Is as Far Off as Ever.

WHILE Tom Buzzell was down at Bangor attending the fair a bear climbed his pumpkin-sweet tree and stripped off about five bushels of apples. Those that were not eaten up were bitten and bruised so badly that nobody would buy them. As Buzzell had engaged to sell these apples at 50 cents a bushel, he felt rather sore over his loss and resolved to catch that bear if he lost two weeks in harvest time. He hunted a day and a half without finding a trace of a bear, and without shooting anything bigger than a lean hare.

As Buzzell was returning to dinner one noon he met two boys who had been out blackberrying and had been frightened by a bear. According to their story they were coming through the pine wood below Costigan when they heard a great noise among the telegraph wires of the Western Union line, which follows the Maine Central railroad from Bangor to Vanceboro. The wires would rattle and sing, as if somebody was clicking them with a hammer. After half a minute one wire would wabble wildly and then become slack with a snap. As amateur hunters have a habit of using the glass insulating caps for targets, and as the company had offered a reward for evidence against the offenders, the boys left the high way and followed the track. Ten rods below they discovered the cause of the noises they had heard. A small but active bear had climbed a telegraph pole and was trying to bite off the insulators. The boys did not stop to see how the bear succeeded, but hurried away as fast as their bare feet could take them, leaving two well-filled pails of berries behind.

Buzzell not only believed what the boys told him, but he took them home and gave them a good dinner on condition that they should go back with him and help him kill the bear. Buzzell, knowing how fond bears are of sweet apples, believed the bear which the boys had seen was the one that had despoiled his pumpkin-sweet tree, and that the animal had climbed the telegraph pole under the delusion that the insulators were apples. They found the pole all right. Upon the rough cedar bark were marks of claws and tufts of black hair. Some 20 rods back from the base of the pole were two tin pails, which the boys claimed. They were full of blackberries that were worth six cents a quart when the boys put them down. Now a few blackberry seeds and a little dark fluid were all they contained. The bear, not relishing the flavor of the apples which grow on telegraph poles, had come down and got lunch from the pails. After that it had gone into the woods.

The boys, having exchanged 18 quarts of blackberries for a dinner, and having

HAD CLIMBED A TELEGRAPH POLE.

guided Buzzell to the telegraph pole to no purpose, felt as if they had made a poor trade, and struck out to get more berries, leaving Buzzell to hunt alone. They worked rapidly for about two hours, and their pails were nearly as full as they had been before the bear dined, when something crushed among the brush back of the blackberry patch. The boys held fast to their pails and listened. Presently they heard brush cracking as if walked upon by some heavy animal, and a moment later a bear hobbled out from the maple grove and began to pick berries for himself. If the boys had been less frightened, or if they had used more care in making their retreat, they would have got away without trouble; but their haste made noise; and the noise caused the bear to look up. Seeing the tin pails, and, no doubt, remembering his last interview with similar dishes, the bear gave chase. For the next half mile it was a wild race, with chances two to one in favor of the bear. The boys followed a forest road which went down hill toward the river, giving them considerable advantage, but their heavy pails handicapped their progress, and by the time the highway was gained the bear was not more than 20 rods behind.

They were on the old Air Line turnpike, which the federal government constructed from Old Town to Houlton at the time of the Aroostook war. Before the railroads were built it was a much traveled highway, and the hotels and groggeries which stood as milestones along its course were well patronized. With the advent of the steam engine all trade was stopped, and most of the houses are now deserted and have gone to ruin. Fifty rods ahead of the boys was the Miles house, a wide, low, one-story wooden building, which 50 years ago was famous all over Maine for the potency of its liquors. For a time it was kept up as a road house, but four or five years ago its owners boarded up the windows and left it for the bats and mice to play in. The boys had pulled the padlock from the front door a few weeks before and knew they would be safe if they could reach the house ahead of the bear. With the bear coming up fast, they burst in the door in time to place their pails in a closet behind the door and climb up a ladder to the loft. When the bear came through the door they had the ladder half way to the chamber floor and laughed aloud.

Lying on their faces and fanning themselves with their hats the boys watched the bear. It came in, gazed at them for a moment, and then began to smell about for the berries. At times it sat up on its haunches and looked at the boys as if asking them where they had put their pails. Finally, with the assistance of his nose, it found where the berries were, and began to scratch at the closed door. The door was of heavy pine and hard to open. Somehow in moving about the bear hit against the front door and shut it with a bang. Though the bear was now a prisoner, unable to escape from the house, it did not seem to be worried at

THE BEAR GAVE CHASE

all, but kept pulling away at the closet door until this flew open and the pails were discovered. While the bear was eating up the blackberries the boys shoved up a chamber window and, knocking off the boards, ran out the ladder and hurried home, loaded with wonderful news. They were not intending to tell Buzzell anything about their prisoner, preferring to carry the tidings to their fathers, but Buzzell met them on the road and soon pumped the details from their reluctant memories, and paid each of the boys one dollar, provided they would tell nobody else.

The weary boys trudged back to the Miles house with Buzzell. They opened the door cautiously. Inside were two dented tin pails and a lot of stains where the bear had eaten his supper. They looked in the office, the sitting-room, kitchen, dining-room, and all over the house, without finding the bear. The cellar door was firmly nailed, the window boards were in place, and the chamber ladder was outside where the boys had left it when they escaped. The tin pails showed that a bear had been there lately, so Buzzell could not dispute what the boys had told him. By all the rules of logic the bear should be in the house; but from the evidence of Buzzell's senses the bear was not there. It was his plain duty to whip the boys and recover his money. While he hesitated the boys made a close study of the situation. By chance one looked into the great fireplace and saw something which had escaped Buzzell's eyes.

"Th' bear's gone up 'h' chimbley,' said the boy with confidence.

Buzzell also saw bear tracks in the ashes and found bear's hair on the jambs of the flue. He climbed to the roof of the house like a cat, and lighting a half a bunch of matches threw them down the chimney. When the matches had gone out he made remarks not fit to print.

The bear had gone out through the great chimney, leaped to the roof, and hurried away to the woods for more blackberries. Before Buzzell had relieved his congested feelings enough to come down the boys had gone home, carrying their money and berry pails.—N. Y. Sun.

Tomato Jelly.

This is particularly nice for a luncheon: Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cup of cold water for an hour. Take one pint of finely chopped tomatoes. Add a generous cup of rich white stock of the soaked gelatine with tomatoes. Season with a teaspoonful of onion juice, salt and cayenne pepper. Let the tomatoes come to a boil and then strain through a cloth. Fill individual molds, and when the jelly becomes cold and set, serve each one on a lettuce leaf with mayonnaise dressing.—N. Y. Sun.

—"Mrs. Smithers," said the new boarder, "you ought to build a house." "Where shall I build it?" asked the unwary landlady. "On the grounds in the coffee, Mrs. Smithers," was the response. "There's a half-acre in my cup."—Harper's Bazar.

THE IMPERTINENT TURK.

He Pokes Fun at the Ambassadors of the Powers.

Incidentally He Calls Them Liars and Says They Can't See Straight—A Wild English Scheme—The Prince of Naples' Bride.

[Special Letter.]

Despite its terribly tragic features, the situation at Constantinople is not without its amusing side. After the Mussulman fanatics had murdered 5,000 Christians in cold blood and robbed every Christian domicile to which they could force an entrance, the representatives of the six Berlin treaty powers—Great Britain, Russia, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary and Italy—insisted upon a thorough investigation of the massacre. The sultan, in compliance with their request, appointed a commission, consisting of some of the most notorious Mohammedan fanatics, and this commission, in an incredibly short space of time, filed a report exonerating the Turkish mob of civilians and soldiers. An official note was then sent to the six powers, which, in addition to the decision of the commission, contained the insinuation that the ambassadors had misinformed their governments and failed to give a truthful version of the unfortunate affair. The half dozen diplomats, thus officially stigmatized as liars, at once commenced to exchange notes with each other, and in this pleasing, but profitless, occupation they are engaged at the present time. Meanwhile the heads of the foreign offices at Berlin, London, Vienna, Rome and Paris are giving out hints about what is to be done with the "unspeakable Turk," the latest rumor being that Germany and Austria, with the consent of France, will insist upon the abdication of Sultan Abdul Hamid. Another report is to the effect that the young Turkish element, which, although weak in number, is strong in influence, will request the sheik-ul-Islam, the highest religious officer of the Moslem realm, to pronounce the sultan insane and to declare the throne vacant. Both these rumors are interesting, but it is more than doubtful that anything will come of them.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

The British Lion Is Excited.

The massacre of 5,000 Armenians at Constantinople the Turkish commission attributes to the strange folly of a band of Armenian revolutionists who, armed with revolvers and dynamite bombs, took possession of the Ottoman bank on the 27th of August, killed the police officers on duty, and held the buildings for some hours against the Turkish soldiers. The participants in this unique raid surrendered on condition of their lives being spared, and were sent out of the country. The infuriated soldiers, maddened by religious fanaticism, then began a raid on the entire Armenian population, and slaughtered men, women and children, with the sanction of the civil and military authorities, until the foreign ambassadors put an end to the carnival of blood by dispatching an emphatic joint note to the sultan. A subsequent communication led to the appointment of the Turkish whitewashing committee and the porte's impertinent question to the powers: "What are you going to do about it?" The only nation which has done anything at all is Great Britain, which has massed a powerful fleet within short sailing distance of Constantinople and instructed its ambassador, Sir Philip Currie, to notify the sultan that a repetition of outrages against his Christian subjects would constitute sufficient cause for England to act single-handed in their defense. The only action taken by the ambassadors of the other signatory powers is the strengthening of the defense of their respective embassies so as to be ready for a general Turkish outbreak, which may occur at any moment.

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES.

Dreibund Proposed by England.

While England's aggressiveness appears chivalrous, yet it does not amount to much. Russia, which is really the dominant factor in Turkish affairs, adheres with Muscovite tenacity to the policy of procrastination and inactivity inaugurated by Prince Lobanoff-Rostovsky, whose recent sudden death paralyzed concerted action. Lord Salisbury knows perfectly well that the first shot fired at the defenses of the Bosphorus by the British fleet would embroil England in a war with Russia, and possibly France, and its present isolated position would make such a conflict decidedly dangerous. The English press comments very freely on this international aspect of the crisis, and one journal, the St. James' Gazette, suggests in sober earnest the formation of a new triple alliance, consisting of Great Britain, the United States and Italy. It believes that the American people would regard with enthusiasm the spectacle of the union jack and the stars and stripes floating side by side in the Bosphorus to back up the joint demand for the rescue of the oppressed Armenians and the suppression of Moslem tyranny. This sounds very well, of course, but the American nation is not in the humor of pulling England's chestnuts out of the oriental furnace, and the formation of a new "Dreibund," with the United States as a participant, is a chimerical proposition. The Washington government will continue to protect its interests in Turkey single-handed, and insist upon the recognition of the rights of its citizens, but it is not probable that it will take any part in the political movements of any of the European powers interested in the final settlement of the so-called "eastern" question.

State of Affairs in Italy.

With Italy the case is different. It is a country on the verge of bankruptcy. Its commerce and industry are paralyzed; its people taxed beyond the limits of endurance; its military prestige sadly impaired by the defeat of its Abyssinian army. In spite of patriotic appeals to the nation the continuance of the war in Africa elicited no enthusiastic response, and the government has been compelled to make peace with King Menelik of Abyssinia, who is to receive a heavy indemnity in cash and a guarantee that Italy will not attempt to extend its territorial possessions on the Red Sea coast. Humiliating as was the treaty, its insulting character was further accentuated by the condition that before its ratification it should receive the sanction of the czar of Russia. That imperial personage, after some delay, gave his consent, and the document has just been signed in due form by the representatives of Italy, Abyssinia and Russia. The ire of the upper class Italians has been aroused by this latest exhibition of Russian arrogance, and they are quite in the humor of participating in a war against the Muscovite empire, the success of which would restore Italian prestige and perpetuate for several generations the tottering dynasty of the house of Savoy.

Prince of Naples and His Bride.

Viewed in this light the recent engagement of Victor Emmanuel, prince of Naples, and heir to the Italian throne, to Princess Helene of Montenegro is a political event of much importance. The prince, who is now 27 years of age, visited most of the European courts a year or so ago for the purpose of selecting a bride. At one time it was reported that he was to marry Princess Maud, daughter of the prince of Wales, but that young lady did not look with favor upon her undersized wooer. Princess Helene is described as a young woman of remarkable physical beauty, with large dark eyes, masses of blue-black hair, and a dazzling, transparent complexion. Like most Montenegrin women she is "divinely tall," and as her husband-to-be is "miserable small" they will make a funny-looking couple. But in royal circles such little things count for nothing. In a war between Italy and Russia the cooperation of Montenegro might prove of vast advantage. Although the country has a small population (236,000), its fighting strength is not to be despised. Every man is a soldier and expert marksman; and in hand-to-hand conflicts the physically perfect and powerful Montenegrins have never found their equals. Before the conquest by Soleiman II., in 1526, Montenegro was a powerful principality. Early in the eighteenth century the people rebelled and establishd an hereditary hierarchical government which was countenanced, but not recognized, by Turkey. By the treaty of Berlin, signed July 13, 1878, the province was declared independent. The present ruler is Prince Nicholas. He has the reputation of being a profligate, a gambler and a heavy drinker, but he is a valiant fighter and a foe not to be despised. His ambition is to add Albania and other Turkish provinces to his principality and establish a kingdom on the coast of the Adriatic. The marriage of his daughter to the Italian heir is therefore of as much advantage to him as it is to Italy. Each needs a friendly neighbor and reliable ally, and the proposed union of family interests is immensely popular in both countries.

PRINCESS HELENE OF MONTENEGRO.

G. W. WEIPPIERT.

Only When It Rains.

One rainy day last year Kosciusko Jones, being in a hurry to get home, took a street car. There was a big crack in the roof of the car, through which the rain fell and ran down the back of his neck, so he asked the urbane conductor:

"What's the matter with this car? Does it do this way always?"

"No sir; only when it rains."—Texas Sifter.

Another Elevation for the Stage.

Mrs. Cumso—I hear that young Mrs. McWatty is going on the stage.

Cumso—Ah! What's her scandal?—Bay City Chat.

THE PUBLIC'S MEMORY.

It Is the Most Fickle Thing of Which We Know.

Statesmen Who, a Few Years Ago, Controlled the Destinies of the Nation, Are Now Not Even Remembered by Name.

[Special Washington Letter.]

"The people forget very quickly," said Senator Hill one evening when he was being complimented for his defense of his party. "They are quickly appreciative and ready to applaud when they think it is right; but they very soon forget public services."

That is very true, and several gentlemen who heard the remark of Senator Hill were discussing it this evening. We reverted to the public men who had passed away and been forgotten in a generation. The question was asked: "Who were the members of the cabinet of Abraham Lincoln?" Not a man in the gathering could name all of them.

William H. Seward, secretary of state, had so much to do with our foreign relations during the civil war that his name was readily recalled. Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war, had his name in the newspapers every day, and hence became so prominent that his name was easily recalled. But Salmon P. Chase, secretary of the treasury, was seldom heard of in comparison with the others, and only one man present recalled his name. The other members of the Lincoln cabinet were forgotten, until a veteran sailor reminded the gentlemen that Gideon Welles was secretary of the navy.

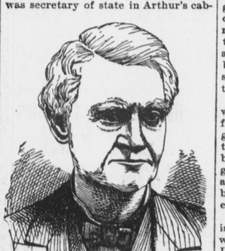
Gen. Grant was president for two terms, and nobody in our party could give the names of the members of his cabinet. They were all great men, and all served their country with distinction, but their names do not stand forth prominently in the memory of men; so that a gathering of gentlemen who have dealt with public men for many years could not give their names. Grant was the central figure of his own administrations. The members of his cabinet who were unfortunate were recalled, but none of the others.

President Hayes had a cabinet composed of strong men, and their names were more easily recalled, because it has not been so very long since they were here with us. Can you name them all, or any of them? William M. Evarts was secretary of state; John Sherman was secretary of the treasury. Richard Thompson, of Indiana, the venerable statesman who still lives, was secretary of the navy. David M. Key was postmaster general, and is remembered chiefly because he was the first southern man given a cabinet position after the civil war. George W. McCrary, the author of the electoral commission bill, was secretary of war. Carl Schurz was secretary of the interior, and Gen. Charles Devins, of Massachusetts, was attorney general.

Mr. Evarts was in the senate for six years, and then retired to private life. John Sherman has been in the senate ever since, and has twice been a presidential candidate. McCrary, Key and Devins are dead. Carl Schurz is an editor.

If their names were not mentioned thus particularly, who could recall them without great mental effort? Very few.

President Garfield had a strong cabinet, but it was broken up after his death, and a new cabinet was formed by President Arthur. You might find it difficult to recall the names of the members of either one of those cabinets. Blaine was secretary of state in Garfield's cabinet, and Frelinghuysen was secretary of state in Arthur's cabinet. Can you guess the names of the others? And yet, it is only 15 years since both of those cabinets were formed. You will probably recall the fact that Robert T. Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln, was appointed secretary of war by President Garfield, and was retained in Arthur's cabinet. He was minister to Great Britain during Harrison's administration.



EX-SECRETARY RICHARD THOMPSON.

But, as a test of the truth of the fact that our leading men are soon forgotten, how many can to-day give the names of the members of Cleveland's cabinet, during his first administration? It was on or about March 6, 1885, that the first Cleveland cabinet was appointed. Can you name the great men who stepped to the helm and aided Cleveland in guiding the ship of state? They were all men of superior ability. Can it be possible that they have been forgotten in so short a space of time?

Thomas F. Bayard was secretary of state. He went into private life and would have remained there, but for the second election of Cleveland, when he was sent to succeed Lincoln as minister to Great Britain. He could never again have gone to the senate. Daniel Manning was secretary of the treasury, and died while in office, from overwork. His successor, Fairchild, went into the obscurity of private life, and has been entirely forgotten by the public. Senator Garland, of Arkansas, one of the brilliant men of the south, became Cleveland's attorney general, and at the close of his term became a claim agent in Washington, where he still resides, entirely forgotten except by the people of his own state. Secretary of War Endicott is forgotten, except by his Massachusetts friends. William C. Whitney, secretary of the navy, is a man of millions, and has kept himself before the people. Senator Lamar, of Mississippi, secretary of the interior, was made an associate justice of the supreme court, and died while in that position. Postmaster General Vilas became secretary of the interior to succeed Lamar, and Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, became postmaster general. Dickinson has kept in public life, or in the public mind, by reason of his attachment to Cleveland and his fortunes. Vilas secured an election to the senate, and has thus not fallen away from public view. But, as a matter of fact, the second election of Cleveland had much to do with keeping some of his cabinet ministers before the public.

Who can name the members of the cabinet who were appointed by President Harrison, in 1889? Think of it, only seven years since they were appointed, and only three years since they went out of office; and how many of the

EX-SECRETARY WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

members of that cabinet can you name? You may agitate your memory by scratching your head or tapping your forehead; but you will realize the truth of Rip Van Winkle's assertion, "how soon we are forgotten when we are gone," when you try to remember the names of those distinguished men. Can you tell who was secretary of state, under Harrison's administration? It was James G. Blaine. His secretary of war was Redfield Procter, of Vermont, who resigned, and was succeeded by Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia. Both of those gentlemen are now members of the senate. William Windom, of Minnesota, was secretary of the treasury, and died suddenly while delivering a public address in New York city. He was succeeded by ex-Gov. Charles Foster, of Ohio, who served until the close of his term. John W. Noble, of Missouri, was secretary of the interior, and John Wanamaker, of Pennsylvania, was postmaster-general. Probably the most popular member of the Harrison cabinet was Secretary of Agriculture Rusk, whom everybody called Uncle Jerry. The farmers will all remember the celebrated "horse book" which was issued by Uncle Jerry. Hundreds of thousands of copies of it have been issued by authority of congress. William Henry Harrison Miller was Harrison's attorney-general.

Few to-day ever think of Benjamin Harris Brewster, who was attorney-general, and the most picturesque figure in the Arthur administration. He was a man of marked peculiarities in dress, and his features were disfigured by an accident; but he was a man of superior ability. Ex-Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, was Arthur's postmaster-general, and died in office. He was succeeded by Gen. Gresham, who was postmaster-general for nearly two years, and was appointed a district judge; but afterwards became secretary of state in the second Cleveland administration, and died in office.

Frank Hatton cannot be forgotten while any of his personal friends live, for they will keep his memory ever green. But he ceased to be known by the general public after he ceased to be postmaster general. He built up a great newspaper in Washington city, and died while in the editorial chair, being stricken suddenly while apparently in the prime of life.

Some of these cabinet ministers cherished presidential ambitions. Chase wanted to succeed Abraham Lincoln, but Lincoln made him an associate justice of the supreme court. Elihu B. Washburne, Don Cameron, Blaine, Bristow, Hamilton Fish, Sherman and Bob Lincoln all listened to the buzzing of the presidential bee; but they fell short of nominations. Whoever to-day hears of Landaulet Williams, Columbus Delano, Ackerman, Speed or MacVeagh?

What is said of members of the cabinet may also be said of many men who filled the forum of discussion in either house of congress, and then passed away from public view. It is not that republics are ungrateful, but that the people are forgetful. They have not space in their memories for all of the great men who rise to the surface in the maelstrom of our political affairs. Moreover, the people of this country are not hero worshipers. There is no man so great in this republic but that the people feel that he can be spared at any time, and from the farm, the country, law office or the business circles some man as good or better may be expected to arise and take his place.

Our people are loyal to their friends, and follow their political leaders with wonderful fidelity. Yet they never become enamored of public men, but constantly feel that "all men are born free and equal," and hence they straightway forget them when they have rendered and been paid for such public services as the people desire of them.

SMITH D. FRY.

What the Girl Does.

She—He whistled as he went for want of thought. Of course it was a boy. You wouldn't find a girl whistling for want of thought.

He—No; she wouldn't whistle; she'd talk.—Indianapolis Journal.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

OUR LETTER BOX

[The Editor of THE LEDGER is not responsible for opinions expressed by Correspondents; but nothing reflecting upon the character of any person will be admitted to these columns.]

☞ *Correspondents will please send Letters so as to reach us not later than 9 o'clock a.m. Give facts in as few words as possible. We want news in this department, and not advertising notices or political arguments.*

OUR AGENTS.

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Subscribers will save the trouble of letter writing by paying their subscriptions to the Agent at their place

PLUMVILLE PICKINGS.

What Our Good Friends Have Been Doing Since Our Last Report.

Master Wilson Davis is recovering from his recent illness with diphtheria.

E. P. Luman moved to Stringtown, Lewis county, the first of the week.

Bruce Lyons and Howard Cobb attended the stock sale at Flemingsburg Monday.

The McKinley, Hobart and Pugh Sound Money Club at this place numbers 75, and is growing in interest and numbers.

An amusing incident is reported from a Free-silver meeting in an adjoining county recently. One of the speakers on this occasion made the statement that he had been trying for the last twenty years to make a living; had tried first one thing and then another, and had made a failure every time, when some witty fellow in the audience asked him the question if he had ever tried to work. As the crowd knew he hadn't, it ceased the argument.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Alfred Gray died at his home near Minerva, a few days ago of typhoid fever.

RIDING ON THE RAIL!

What the Great Steel Highways Offer to Travelers.

Cincinnati and Return $1 75.

On account of William Jennings Bryan speaking at Music Hall, Cincinnati, and at Covington tonight the C. and O. will sell round trip tickets to Cincinnati at one fare, $1 75. Tickets good on all trains October 2d, good returning October 2d and 3d.

Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association.

On above account the L. and N. Railroad will sell round-trip tickets to Lexington October 5th to 16th at $2 10. Return limit October 17th.

Cheap Homeseekers' Excursions.

On August 18th, September 1st, 15th and 29th and October 9th and 23d the Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route will have on sale from St. Louis round-trip homeseekers' tickets to points in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana at rate of one fare plus $2; tickets good 21 days from date of sale with privilege of stopping on the going trip to inspect lands. Maps, land pamphlets and full particulars mailed on application. Address N. R. Warwick, Agent, 317 Vine street, Cincinnati, O.

The Mountain Resorts of Colorado.

Greatly reduced round-trip rates to Colorado and the summer resorts of the Rocky Mountains via the favorite Colorado Short Line of the Missouri Pacific Railway. Summer tourist tickets now on sale with limit until October 31st returning. Special reductions have been authorized for numerous meetings which will be held in Colorado during the summer. Through solid trains equipped with Pullman Palace Buffet Sleeping-cars and handsome Free Reclining Chaircars without change, St. Louis to Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Denver. For time-cards, resort books and full information address N. R. Warwick, Agent, 317 Vine street, Cincinnati, O.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce THOMAS L. BEST as a candidate for Sheriff at the November election, 1897, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

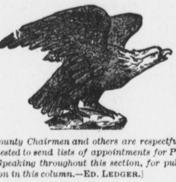
CANCER CURED and unsightly Moles and Warts removed without cutting or burning; speedy and painless; guarantee cure. Consult Dr. J. C. McLaughlin, 416 Plum street, Cincinnati, O.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale by J. James Wood, Druggist

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

APPOINTMENTS FOR REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.



*[County Chairmen and others are respectfully requested to send lists of appointments for Public Speaking throughout this section, for publication in this column.—*ED. LEDGER.]

The gentlemen named below will speak at the places and dates given:

THOMAS A. DAVIS.

Mayslick—Saturday, October 3d, 3 p. m.
Sardis—Saturday, October 3d, at 7:30 p. m.

HON. JOHN W. YERKES

Carlisle—Wednesday, October 7th.
Flemingsburg—Thursday, October 8th.
Maysville—Friday, October 9th.

JUDGE W. H HOLT.

Germantown—Friday, October 9th.
Brown County (O.) Fairgrounds, Aberdeen—Thursday, October 15th.

HON S J. PUGH.

[In joint debate with Hon. W. LaRue Thomas, his Congressional opponent.]

Morehead—Monday, October 5th.
Owingsville—Tuesday, October 6th.
Brookville—Monday, October 12th.
Augusta—Tuesday, October 13th.
Maysville—Wednesday, October 14th.
Mt. Olivet—Thursday, October 15th.
Catlettsburg—Monday, October 19th.

GENERAL W. S. TAYLOR.

Greenup—Saturday, October 3d.
Pikeville—Monday, October 5th.
Laynesboro—Monday, October 5th.
Prestonsburg—Tuesday, October 6th.
East Point—Tuesday, October 6th
Paintsville—Wednesday, October 7th.
Oil Springs—Wednesday, October 7th.
Salyersville—Thursday, October 8th.
Bloomington—Thursday, October 8th.
West Liberty—Friday, October 9th.
Morehead—Saturday, October 10th.

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T. L. GREEN, County Clerk, Mt. Olivet, Ky.

I want to buy for cash the following U. S. Revenues, either canceled or uncanceled, at the prices annexed when stamps are sent in good condition;

	Each.
1 cent Express, red, imperforate	5 cents
1 cent Express, red, part perforate	5 cents
1 cent Playing Cards, red, imperforate	50 cents
1 cent Playing Cards, red, part perforate	30 cents
1 cent Proprietary, red, part perforate	10 cents
1 cent Telegraph, red, imperforate	50 cents
2 cent Bank Check, blue, part perforate	5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, imperforate	5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, full perforate	10 cents
2 cent Certificate, orange, full perforate	10 cents
2 cent Express, blue, imperforate	5 cents
2 cent Express, blue, part perforate	10 cents
2 cent Playing Cards, blue, imperforate	50 cents
2 cent Playing Cards, orange	10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, imperforate	15 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, part perforate	10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, orange, full perfo'te	15 cents
3 cent Playing Card, green, imperforate	$2
3 cent Playing Card, green, full per'ate	20 cents
3 cent Telegraph, green, imperforate	10 cents
4 cent Playing Cards, violet, perforate	50 cents
4 cent Proprietary, violet, part per'ate	10 cents
5 cent Express, red, imperforate	10 cents
5 cent Playing Card, red perforate	10 cents
5 cent Proprietary, perforate	10 cents
6 cent Proprietary, orange, perforate	$5
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, imperfo'te	15 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, part per'te	15 cents
25 cent Bond, imperforate	50 cents
40 cent Inland Exchange, imperforate	75 cents
50 cent Probate of Will, imperforate	$1
70 cent Foreign Exchange, green, im'ate	90 cents
$1 Life Insurance, imperforate	$1 25
$1 Manifest, imperforate	$1 10
$1 Mortgage, full perforate	$1 25
$1 Passrge Ticket, imperforate	$1 50
$1 30 Foreign Exchange, orange, im'ate	$3
$1 90 Foreign Exchange, maroon	$4
$3 50 Inland Exchange, imperforate	$5
$5 Probate of Will, imperforate	$7
$20 Probate of Will, imperforate	$30
$1 30 Blue and Black	$1 50
$1 60 Blue and Black	$2
5 cent Black and Green, proprietary	15 cents
6 cent Black and Green, proprietary	10 cents
10 cent Black and Green, proprietary	$1 50
50 cent Black and Green, proprietary	$3
$1 Black and Green, proprietary	$5
$5 Black and Green, proprietary	$15

I also wish to buy old canceled postage stamps and stamped envelopes of any and all denominations from 1840 to 1875, for which I will pay liberal prices. Address

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Mt. Olivet, Ky.

NOTE—The above-named stamps can be found on Deeds, Mortgages, Notes, Receipts, Agreements, Bank Checks, &c., &c., from 1861 to 1875; also on Proprietary Medicines, Matches, &c.

The foregoing offer is genuine—made in good faith, and will be carried out to the letter in every instance when I receive the stamps I have mentioned in good order. Reference—Mt. Olivet Deposit Bank or any official of Robertson county.

T. L. GREEN, County Clerk.

A TRAIN

Held Up on the Atlantic and Pacific in New Mexico.

One of the Robbers Shot and Killed by a United States Marshal.

The Bandits Then Began an Indiscriminate Fire—The Express Car Safe Was Blown Open and Rifled, But the Robbers Secured No Money.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Oct. 3.—Atlantic and Pacific officials in this city have been advised that the westbound passenger train, No. 2, due here at 8:45 p. m., has been held up by five outlaws near Rio Puerco bridge. U. S. Marshal Loomis, who was a passenger on board, is reported to have shot and killed Cole Young, one of the robbers, directly after the train was stopped. Young's companions thereupon began shooting indiscriminately. After terrifying the passengers and train hands into submission the robbers cut the express car and engine from the train and ran them up the track a few hundred yards. An explosion followed and it is supposed that the express car safe was blown open. A special train has been dispatched from this city to the scene of the hold up. No further information is to be had at this hour.

The held-up passenger train from the west just came in at midnight. Conductor Sam Heady states that when the train reached the Rio Puerco tank Engineer Ross said that a pin in the engine was out of gear, but he thought he could go up the divide. The conductor thought not, and just as the engineer was about to fix the pin three masked men jumped on the engine, when the shooting commenced.

A lantern was shot out of the hands of the brakeman, after which the engineer was told to uncouple the engine and express car from the train.

Deputy United States Marshal Loomis, who has been down in Arizona on the trail of Southern New Mexico bandits, was on his return to this city, and he left the smoking car when the first shot was fired. He took deliberate aim at one of the robbers, shooting him through the head. The man ran 100 yards and dropped dead. The other robbers retreated to the Malpais, where their voices calling for their comrades could be heard.

Conductor Heady states that Loomis remained at Rio Puerco, expecting the robbers to return for their dead companion, while Selvy met the posse of officers at Atlantic and Pacific Junction, and returned with the party to Rio Puerco.

The hold-up was a failure financially, the robbers securing no money.

Loomis thinks that the hold-ups are the same gang that robbed the Separ post office a few weeks ago and have been terrorizing the southern part of New Mexico, and that Young was the leader.

DEMOCRATIC CLUBS.

Delegates to the Second Quadrennial Convention Gathering at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 3.—All the hotels were filled Friday with delegates to the second quadrennial convention of the national association of democratic clubs and the gathering Saturday promises to exceed the expectations of the local committee of entertainment. Vice President Stevenson was an early arrival and is quartered at the Southern hotel. He will be temporary chairman of the convention which assembles at 11 o'clock Saturday morning. President Black had not arrived at 11 p. m. Congressman McMillan, of Tennessee, who will deliver an address to the convention, arrived here Saturday morning, on an earlier train than that of Candidate Bryan. Secretary McKean has established headquarters at the Southern, where all the delegates report. He states that of the 10,000 democratic league clubs in the country, 3,000 were represented Saturday by from one to five delegates.

Money in Circulation.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—The treasury circulation statement issued Friday places the aggregate of all kinds of money in circulation October 1 in the United States at $1,852,302,289, or an increase during September of $43,132,655. The per capita circulation is stated at $22.05. The statement increases the gold coin issued or in "general stock" from $570,557,083 on September 1 to $600,544,227 on October 1.

The Orders Countermanded.

BERLIN, Oct. 3.—The Cologne Gazette publishes a dispatch from Constantinople saying that in consequence of warning conveyed to the porte by Baron Von Saurma Jeltsch, the German ambassador, the sultan has countermanded the orders for the wholesale arrest and expulsion of Armenians.

The Gold Reserve.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—The treasury gold reserve at the close of business Friday stood at $123,585,561. The withdrawals of Thursday and Friday at New York were $238,554. There were received $686,000 in gold in exchange for currency.

Arrival of Archbishop Martinelli.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The Cunard steamship Campania, having on board Archbishop Martinelli, the successor of Cardinal Satolli as papal delegate to this country, arrived in quarantine Friday night where she dropped anchor.

Lowered the World's Record.

DENVER, Col., Oct. 3.—On a soft track, wet in places, Clint R. Coulter lowered the world's record for an unpaced mile Friday, making the distance in 1:59 1-5, which is 1 1-5 seconds under all previous records.

Card and Paper Company Fails.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The Hastings Card and Paper company made an assignment Friday. J. W. Axford, the assignee, said that the liabilities are $75,000 and nominal assets $50,000.

CONDENSED NEWS

Gathered From All Parts of the Country by Telegraph.

The United States cruiser Minneapolis sailed from Genoa Friday for Constantinople.

The telegraphic transfers of currency to the west and south through the New York sub-treasury Friday were $1,025,000.

The boiler of Mills' saw mill at Novesta, a small town nine miles southeast of Cass City, Mich., exploded Friday morning, completely wrecking the mill, and killing two men and seriously injuring two others.

A dispatch received in Madrid Friday from Havana states that Gen. Mulguizo, commanding a strong Spanish force has captured the positions occupied by Maceo, the rebel leader, in the province of Panar del Rio, killing 80 of the insurgents.

The socialistic delegates to the Cigar Makers' International union at Detroit, who attempted to have politics interjected into the preamble of the organization, were defeated Friday, the convention deciding by a vote of 107 to 72 to retain the present preamble.

George E. Sheldon, of Houghton, Mich., who was shot Thursday evening by Felix Dumontier, a discharged coachman, died at two o'clock Friday evening from the effects of his wounds. Dumontier's body has not yet been recovered. The lake is being dragged.

The trip through the northwest, now being arranged for Gens. Palmer and Buckner, will begin the last of next week. The present intention is to have them meet in Chicago on October 8 and start on a special train through Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota and Iowa. Gen. Buckner left for Chicago Friday.

Minister Strobel, at Santiago, Chili, reports to Secretary Olney that William C. Hodge, an American citizen, native of Kentucky, 63 years of age, committed suicide there on August 19 by shooting himself. He was a civil engineer and became despondent through failure of his efforts to secure employment.

The Galveston bagging and twine factory, Galveston, Tex., will close down Saturday, throwing about two hundred hands, mostly boys and girls, out of employment. A notice posted in the mill gives as the reason the short crop of cotton and the general depression, and says if business conditions warrant it, the mill will start again in January.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, British ambassador to the United States, will shortly return to Washington, but it is reported upon credible authority that he will not leave England before a satisfactory solution of the Venezuelan trouble has been reached. Those behind the scenes are the most saguine of such an ending of the controversies; indeed, the questions at issue are said to be already solved.

The Standard Saturday publishes a dispatch received by a news agency from Berlin saying it is stated that Germany notified Great Britain some days ago of her intention to transfer Said Khalid to German East Africa. Some of the London newspapers published editorials denouncing the transfer of Said Khalid from the German consulate as an unfriendly act, but they declare that Great Britain will be glad to get rid of him.

Edward J. Corey, alias Bell, the alleged dynamiter who on September 12 was arrested in Glasgow and transferred to the custody of the London police, was arraigned for the second time in the Bow street police court, London, Friday morning, he having been arraigned the first time on September 24, and remanded on September 25 for further examination. No new evidence was forthcoming, and the prisoner was remanded pending subsequent developments in his case.

Forecast for Saturday.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—For Kentucky—Fair, preceded by cloudy weather in eastern portion; eastern winds and slightly warmer.

For Indiana—Fair and warmer; winds shifting to southeasterly.

For Ohio—Fair, warmer; light to fresh east winds.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 2.

FLOUR—Spring fancy, $3.25@3.50; spring family, $2.60@3.00; spring patent, $3.70@4.00; winter patent, $3.80@4.05; fancy, $3.50@3.65; family, $2.65@3.05; extra, $2.15@2.40; low grade, $1.75@1.95; rye, northwestern, $2.40@2.50; city, $2.60.

WHEAT—Sales: No. 3 red inquired for at 68@69c.

CORN—Sales: No. 2 yellow, track, 27c.

OATS—Sales: No. 2 white, track, 21¼c; No. 3 white, track, 18½c; No. 3 mixed, track, 16c.

RYE—Sales: No. 2 (Indiana), track, 40c.

HOGS—Select butchers, $3.25@3.30; fair to good packers, $3.20@3.25; fair to good light, $3.25@3.40; common and roughs, $2.60@3.15.

CATTLE—Fair to good shippers, $3.50@4.15; good to choice butchers, $3.60@4.00; fair to medium butchers, $3.00@3.50; common, $2.25@2.85.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep—Extras, $3.00@3.25; good to choice, $2.35@2.85; common to fair, $1.75@2.25. Lambs—Extras, $4.10@4.25; good to choice, $3.60@4.00; common to fair, $3.00@3.50.

VEAL CALVES—Fair to good light, $5.50@6.25; common and large, $3.00@5.00.

WOOL—Unwashed fine merino, 9@10c per lb; quarter-blood clothing, 12@13c; medium, delaine and clothing, 12@13c; braid, 11@12c; medium combing, 13@14c. Washed, fine merino, X to XX, 12c; medium clothing, 14@15c; delaine fleece, 14@15c; long combing, 15@16c; quarter blood and low, 12@13c; common coarse, 11@12c; tub-washed, choice 17@18c.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.

WHEAT—No. 2 red, December, 74¼@75⅜c; May, 77½@78c.

CORN—No. 2, October, 28⅝c; December, 29¾@30c; May, 32 3-16@32½c; No. 2, 28¾@30½c.

OATS—No. 2 red, December, 23¼c; state, 21@30c; western, 20@30c.

TOLEDO, Oct. 2.

WHEAT—No. 2 red, cash, 74¼c; December, 76½c; May, 78⅜c; No. 3 red, cash, 70c; No. 2 white, 70c.

CORN—No. 2 mixed cash, 23c.

OATS—No. 2 mixed, cash, 18c.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2.

Calls on December wheat opened at 70¼c, advanced to 70⅝c, last price 70½c. Puts opened at 67¾@67⅞c, sold between 67¾ and 68⅛@68¼, last price 68⅛c.

Calls on May corn opened at 26⅝c, last price 26¾c. Puts opened at 26⅜c, last price 26½c.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 2.

CATTLE—Choice to prime, $4.60@4.75; medium to good, $3.80@4.15; common, $3.27@3.70.

HOGS—Good to choice medium and heavy, $3.30@3.40; mixed and heavy, $3.10@3.30; good to choice lights, $3.35@3.45.

SHEEP—Good to choice lambs, $3.75@4.00; common to medium lambs, $2.50@3.50; good to choice sheep, $2.75@3.25.

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We now have on sale the largest and most complete line of Capes and Jackets we have ever shown at from $5 to $20.

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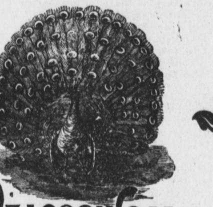

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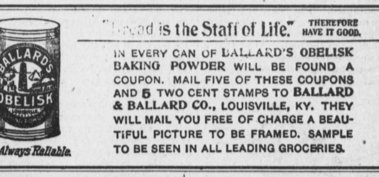

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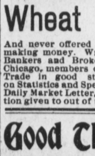

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THE CONFECTIONER.

LOUIS H. LANDMAN, M.D. *OPTICIAN,* No. 411 West Ninth street, Cincinnati, O., will be at the Central Hotel, Maysville, Ky., on Thursday, Nov. 5th, returning every first Thursday in each month. Glasses adjusted to all persons of defective vision at popular prices.

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